THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

CONCLUDED BY AN EPILOGUE ENTITLED

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

BY

PROFESSOR FRANCIS NONA

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.—VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, I, 461.

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TO COLONEL THOMAS W PEIRCE.

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,

this work is respectfully dedicated by.

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, Dictator of Mexico, and Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army.

Don Martin Prefecto Cos,—his brother-in-law, and General in the Mexican Army.

Don Manuel Fernandez Castrillon,—General in the Mexican Army.

Don Francesco Duque,—Colonel in Mexican service.

Juan N. Almonte,—Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to Santa Anna.

JOHN DAVIS BRADBURN,—A native of Tennessee, who, having entered the Mexican service, commanded the Fort of Anahuac in the year 1832.

ELSIE BRADBURN,—his Daughter.

WILLIAM B. TRAVIS,—A resident of Anahuac in the year 1832, and Commander of the Texan Volunteers at the Alamo in the year 1836.

JAMES A. TRAVIS,—his brother, seventeen years old.

Colonel David Crockett,—Hunter, Scout, Congressman, and Champion for Texan liberty.

Colonel James Bowie,
Major Evans,
Captain Kimble,
Lieutenant Dickinson,—Commanders of Texan Volunteers under Wm. B. Travis.

Colonel J. B. Bonham,—Colonel of Texan Volunteers.

Rev. W. P. Smith,—Chaplain of the Texan Volunteers at the Alamo.

Samuel Houston,—Commander-in-Chief of the Texan Army at the San Jacinto.

Edward Burleson,—Colonel in the Texan Army.

Frank W. Johnston,—Colonel of Texan Volunteers.

John W. Smith,—called Deaf Smith, scout to General Houston.

John Austin,
Wm. J. Russell,
Wm. H. Jack,—Natives of the United States, residing in Texas in the year 1832.

Don Lorenzo Zavala,—Texan Patriot.
S. B. Patcho,—Captain in Mexican service, stationed at Anahuac.
Jose Prado,—Servant to Santa Anna.
A Surgeon.—A Jailer.—American Colonists, residing in Texas.—Texan Volunteers.—Mexican Soldiers.

SCENE.

First Act: Partly at Velasco, partly at Anahuac, in the year 1832.
Second, Third and Fourth Acts: In and around the Alamo, in February and March, 1836.
Epilogue: At the San Jacinto River, April 21, 1836.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Colonists of Stephen Austin's American Colony at Brazoria (situated near Fort Velasco) are seen engaged at work in the fields. At a given signal they assemble in the centre of the stage, John Austin and Wm. J. Russell occupying a conspicuous place among them.

JOHN AUSTIN.

Again the pleasant shades of eve descend
And counsel us to close this day's account.
So let us go and homeward wend our steps;
And as in countries far across the main
The vesper-bell tolls through the mellow air
Of eventide the thankful offerings
Of dying day,—so we, our labors done,
Our thoughts abstracted from our work's concern,
Will let our joyful feelings' gratitude
Ring through our hearts, while homeward we proceed.
A sanctuary of God, but lately sprung

From His creating hand, thus seem to me
These virgin-fields, so fresh, so still, so grand
Where nearer wafts His breath into my heart,
Where clearer speaks His presence to my mind,
Where louder peals His voice into my ear.
Here, as each day succeeds its predecessor,
It leaves engraven on my memory
The luxury of every breath I drew,
The spell of every gaze I cast about,
Withal a soul-felt record of delight.
Behold this emerald sea of waving meads,
Hedged round by fields aglow with gaudy flowers
Which, swelling to the dim horizon's brink,
By roseate tints blend earth and evening-sky,
While through the clear, transparent atmosphere
Those forest-groves, like as Elysian Isles,
Seem slowly sailing o'er the grassy main
In golden-green and amber-colored light.
Fair Italy may boast her sunny clime,
Greece may extol her azure-sky's abyss,
The Rhine parade his valley's loveliness,—
They cannot match this blessèd Texan land
Which every day grows dearer to my heart.

WM. J. RUSSELL.

Thou art quite right, my friend ; I, too, enjoy
This happy climate's grateful benefits,
Marked out, meseems, for Labor's paradise.
With golden harvests here the friendly ground

Amply rewards the yeoman's easy toil,
Whose sweating brow the ocean breezes fan,
Whose worn-out strength the cooling nights restore.
If anywhere upon this earthly round
Kind Nature meant to found a temple-shrine
For Liberty, her sister, it is here,—
It is *this* land she thus has blest and hallowed.
Why now must man's ambitious avarice
Come here to desecrate this sanctuary
By discord, hatred and impassionate strife?
Yet, it is so, and hence the fearful thought,
That on some future day the bitter choice
Will dawn on us, to leave these happy shores,
Or else to bow our necks to tyranny,
Stands like a night-mare's dread my mind before,
And galls with care my every moment's joy.
Nor are the coming tempest's signs obscure:
Our cherished constitution overthrown,—
Our chartered rights repealed or trodden down,—
The frowning forts the Mexicans have built
Here at Velasco and Tenoxtitlan,
At Nacogdoches and at Anahuac,
Not to relate their officers' and soldiers'
Offences 'gainst our property and lives,—
All these point clearly to their base designs,
Which, even now, they hardly care to hide.

AUSTIN.

Keep cheerful, friend! the threatening thunder-storm

May yet pass by as harmless as the Norther
That will at times sweep over our domain,
And only tends to purify the air.
E'en now the better class of Mexicans
Who honestly aspire their country's weal
And wish to see her rise o'er party-strife,
Sustain our patient course; and who can tell,
If not, as quickly as the tide recedes,
The ruling faction in that changeful State,
To-morrow e'en, may weaken and succumb?

RUSSELL.

I cannot share thy faith in Mexicans;
Save but a few enlightened of their people,
They all behold with eyes of livid envy
Our industry and our prosperity.
To see this land beneath our stalwart arms
Bloom like a rose, to see our flocks increase,
To see our towns alive with trade and craft,
Our bays and streams with sail, our roads with teams,
Excites their selfishness and avarice.
Therefore it matters not what faction rules:
Our lands and rights will ever be endangered.

AUSTIN.

What if they are? The higher we esteem them.
Men only prize what they have gained through peril.

RUSSELL.

An insecure possession is no blessing;
It drains our strength, exhausts our energy.

AUSTIN.

What *is* secure on earth? We only can
Fulfil our duty, leave the rest to God.

RUSSELL.

Man acts and God assists, yet here we must
Leave *all* to God, as we can *nought* accomplish.

AUSTIN

Can we not seize our trusty swords and fight
And die like men, if nothing else avails?

RUSSELL.

'Twere madness to expect, that single-handed
Or with a few thou couldst oppose nine millions.

AUSTIN.

Not single-handed, not a few, my friend!
Three thousand of our countrymen we count
In this domain, each equal to ten thousands
Of Mexicans through strength of will and hope,
Through love of freedom and through trust in God.
Here round us stand our countrymen in silence,
Which louder yet than futile words proclaims
The stout resolve that thrills their gallant hearts.
Ask each, if he no sooner gave his blood,

His life, his all, ere he agrees to part
With *one* iota of his 'Bill of Rights!'

A COLONIST.

'Tis, Squire, as thou hast said. When we behold
Our dearest prize, our liberty, assailed,
We'll know full well, how to defend, to guard it.

ALL.

Aye, aye, we shall.

RUSSELL.

Dear friends! forgive if I
Could doubt your courage even for a moment;
My bosom throbs in harmony to yours,
And long ago I nursed the self-same thoughts,
Though I forbade my lips to utter them
From delicate regard for you who have
Wives, children, homesteads, all of whom you risk.
[*Fervidly.*]
Begone then, cheerless scruples, timid faith!
Where *so* inspired brave hearts thy cause embrace,
Where *so* resolved stout arms contest for thee,
Thou need not tremble, holy Liberty!
The ocean's wrath may beat against these shores,
The tempest's fury rave against our doors,
The tyrant's myrmidons o'erflow this land,—
Yet ever firm and safe thy fane will stand.

AUSTIN.

Tis well for us to have meanwhile exchanged
Our mutual thoughts, e'en though the despot's grain
He here has sown, is not yet ripe for harvest.
Hence let us wait and watch, ere we proceed
To force and arms; for alway these remain
A last resort, e'en in a righteous cause.—
But see that horseman coming toward us
In anxious haste, with loosened rein; his steed
Is decked with foam and blood on flank and bit.
Who can he be? 'Tis Jack! What may he bring?

[*Some colonists go to meet Jack, and to lead him before the men assembled.*]

SCENE II.

Enters Wm. H. Jack, who is cordially greeted by all present.

AUSTIN.

Both joy and grief are apt to wing our feet;
Which of the two, friend Jack, has urged thy haste?

JACK.

Oh! would I were Joy's fleeting messenger!
But as it is, no mission is so sad
As mine, since it announces misery
For every homestead in the land; 'tis—War!

AUSTIN.

It cannot be! Speak plainly, friend!

JACK.

So list!

Scarce had the mail from Vera Cruz arrived
At Fortress Anahuac yestereve
When Colonel Bradburn, its commander, sent
A squad of soldiers to the town, who seized
My brother Patrick Jack and William Travis
And Munroe Edwards, took them to the fort,
And without hearing, without trial locked
Each separately into a prison-cell.

RUSSELL.

Has Colonel Bradburn a sufficient cause
To warrant this unusual proceeding?

JACK.

His only warrant is that stale excuse
Of servile knaves: his duty to obey
His master's order, whether right or wrong.

RUSSELL.

But is it proven he has received such order?

JACK.

He has, of which this document bears witness,
Which he transmitted unto Nacogdoches
E'en yestereve through one of his couriers,
Though intercepted by our vigilance
He and his letter never reached that place.

[*He hands the letter to Austin.*]

AUSTIN.

[*Reads aloud.*]

To the commanders of the garrisons
In every Texan fort and post our greeting:
Whereas we are most credibly informed,
That every day the spirit of defiance
'Gainst our authority grows rampant more
Among your colonists to whom we gave
The privilege of settling on our lands,—
You are advised, to use your utmost power,
That the rebellious spirit may be curbed,
To this effect imprison every person
Whose discontent is shown in writ or word
And check the influx from the United States.
As has the statute never been repealed
Which says, that persons of our Catholic Faith
Alone can hold positions and estates
In Mexico, it is herewith revived.

Don Juan Bustamente, President.

The colonists, in utter astonishment, remain silent for awhile; then break forth into almost simultaneous expressions of indignation.

A COLONIST.

Our friends imprisoned without law or cause!

ANOTHER.

Our speech o'erawed, our liberties assailed!

A Third.

Our faith attacked, our property endangered!

A Fourth.

We cannot, will not bear it!

All.

We must fight.

Jack.

Not to forestall your brave decision, friends,
I have till now withheld from you the knowledge
Of the resolve, to which your countrymen
At Nacogdoches and at Anahuac,
Imbued like you with deepest indignation,
Have come: it is, to storm, this very night,
The forts which there the Mexicans have raised.

Austin.

What, friends, is then your wish, that here be done?

A Colonist.

Captain! I move, that following the example
Set by our countrymen, we storm to-night
The Fort Velasco.

Another.

I support that motion.

Austin.

'Tis moved and seconded, that we to-night

Attack and storm the fortress at Velasco.
Who are in favor of the motion?

ALL.

Aye.

AUSTIN.

Who vote against it? None? The motion is carried.

[*A solemn silence.*]

RUSSELL.

[*With inspiration.*]

As gathered in their azure ocean's sight
The noble Greeks hurled back the despot's threat,—
As at their crystal glaciers' feet, by night,
To break their yoke, the gallant Switzers met,—
As our forefathers on the common's green
Assembled to protest 'gainst wrongs of power,—
So we amid our prairie-evening scene
Uplift our hands at this inspiring hour,
To call to witness God in Heaven above,
That not our will, but sorest need alone
Calls us to arms, to shield what most we love,
Our faith, our rights, the hearth and home we own.
He who has freed the others through His hand
Will not withhold His aid from this, *our* land.

AUSTIN.

Time presses, friends! so let us homeward haste,

Prepare our arms, call out our countrymen,
And gather at my door two hours from now,
To storm the fort, when night has spread her shade.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A gloomy vault in the Fort of Anahuac, lighted by one single window near the ceiling. Opposite to the side which contains the window, is an adjoining dungeon, from which Wm. B. Travis steps forth, absorbed in deep reverie.

In prison ! Ha ! why startles me this name
All of a sudden, which like other words
Of daily speech I hitherto pronounced
Unmoved, unstirred, scarce thinking of its import ?
Why now rebels my inmost soul against
This sound, as though it were a mournful dirge ?
Why dreads my foot to step upon this floor
That, cold and stern, sends shudders through my frame ?
Why sinks my head involuntarily
Betwixt my shoulders, wishing there to hide
Against this frowning ceiling's pressing weight ?
Why shrinks my hand to touch these circling walls
That slowly, stealthily, with every moment
Seem drawing, creeping closer up to me ?
Because here is the sum of human horrors,
The acme of distress, a living grave,

The thought of which appals the hero's courage,
And pales still more the coward's fear-blanched cheek.

[*He steps on a chair standing beneath the grated window and looks without.*]

In prison! ah! and beams not there the sun
Which our Creator poised upon the arch
Of heaven to shine alike on good and bad,—
The sun through which all beings live and thrive,
To which the tiniest blossom turns its eye,
Without which Heart and Nature grow a waste?
And spread not there "the gardens of the desert,'
The swelling prairies, quick with life and motion,
And farther off, near the horizon's brink,
The glassy main, as free and wide as they,
To whose expanse and breeze-pervaded air
Man's spirit feels a kindred intimate,
When over them he strides or sails away?
There goes the daring hunter with elastic step
And hopeful breast, to lurk, to spring, to conquer;
There sails the buoyant mariner to brave
The tempest's rage, to venture and explore;
There rides the thoughtful merchant on his route
To bargain and to risk and win,—all, all
With bosoms thrilled by wishes and desires
Which to pursue and gain forms their delight.

[*He steps down.*]

In prison! ah! and what, if it enshrines
The height of sorrow, the abyss of woe?

It is as well the soil for human greatness,
The atmosphere of highest, noblest virtue.
Its solitude has nursed the poet's fancy,
The martyr's faith, the hero's stout resolve,
And Socrates, St. Paul and Galileo
Found here the source of their immortal thoughts.
When Truth and Courage thrill the bosom's cells,
When Love of God distends the heart's confines,
The gates give way, the circling walls are rent,
The unchecked spirit vaults the frail barrier,
And like an eagle, free and high in air,
It soars aloft to reach the source of Light.

In prison! ah! and bear I not as well
A precious, priceless germ within my breast
That I may propagate and fondly cherish
Beneath this thought-inspiring atmosphere,
Till it attain a higher, fuller growth,—
The conscious, deep, all-sacrificing love
For this, my country, which e'en now has spread
A tangled network through my veins and feelings?
As fairest blooms the lovely hyacinth
That charms our eye in winter's frosty clime,
When nursed beneath the tepid cellar-air,
So also *my* ideal shall germinate
From here to joy my winter through its bloom.

[*Fervidly.*]

This prison—Heaven record my vow—shall be
The place of birth of Texan Liberty.

Scene IV.

Elsie Bradburn, admitted by the jailer through the door in the rear, has entered during Travis' last words which she has overheard, and stands for a moment quietly behind him.

Travis.

[*Turning and perceiving Elsie, who sinks into his arms.*]
What? Elsie, thou?

Elsie.

My Travis! thou in prison
Unjustly, most unworthily confined!
Than whom none else delights so much in sunshine,
In balmy air, in freedom from restraint.
Thou canst not live beneath this damp-cold vault,
But wilt fall sick, and as the prairie-flower,
Transferred into a sunless room, will fade,
So thou canst not endure this cruel doom.

Travis.

Grieve not, beloved! since I hold thee now,
This dungeon seems a paradise to me!
Behold these walls! they bloom like rosy bowers;
This ceiling spreads a verdant canopy
Through which the sun, the sun of Love, sends in
His warming beams into my gladdened heart.
But tell, how couldst thou gain access to me?

ELSIE.

Oh, Travis! my unmaidenlike transgression,
In what a light must it appear to thee?

TRAVIS.

Unmaidenlike, thou sayest! Ah, as high
As are the heavens above the earth, as wide
As lies the East divided from the West,
So is thy step from impropriety.
'Tis true, the charm of gentle womanhood
Blooms in the even path of sweet retirement,
In the pursuit of calm domestic life
O'er which, as Springtime strews the earth with flowers
She sheds a grace of loveliness and peace,
And wantonly to overstep these bounds,
By nature set, is to destroy her balance.
But when the hand of stark Necessity
Has broken in upon a woman's fate
And threats to tap her feeling's holy fount,
When staking, offering up her all for one,
When disregarding usage, scorn and power,
Acknowledging no law save this: her love,—
At last she rises like an earth-born Titan
And irresistibly, victoriously
Clears every obstacle that blocks her way,
She adds the highest earthly glory then,
A heroine's halo, to her womanly crown.

ELSIE.

Ah ! were I free to soar that lofty flight
To which my spirit's impulse leads me on !
Alas ! so soon I try to rise, I feel
The sinews of my pinions cut in twain
Through fatal powers which hold me to the ground.
Thou seest my father, an American,
Deaf to his better nature's inward voice,
Blind to the sad results of his career,
Employed in deep-disgraceful vassalage
To tyranny, whose orders he obeys
Implicitly with servile doggedness,
As if to gain his master's sneering praise
Made up his glory's highest aspiration.
To drown his bosom's stern reproof, to kill
His honor's glimmering spark, he has enwrapt
His reason with the ice of self-made doctrines
Which, ah ! my tears have tried in vain to melt,
And woven round him a net of sophistry
Through which my prayers not yet could penetrate.
Oh, it is hard, when filial lips which ought
To overflow with tender reverence,
Must breathe reproach alone and accusation
'Gainst one whom fain we would respect and worship.

TRAVIS.

Interpret not my hesitating counsel
I give thee now, as cruel egotism !

As oft to save a life by wounds imperiled
A surgeon hazards some unusual cure,
So also on the battle-field of Life
A false position and a wayward course
May oft be righted by a daring step
Which in the eyes of men may meet with censure,
But gains its palm before the eye of God.
Withdraw from here a while, if still thy father
Persists to be the tyrant's ready tool,
And from the distance lure him on to thee
By frequent proofs of unchanged filial love.
He soon will feel the utter loneliness
That yawns around him here, the aimlessness
Of his career, and yearning to rejoin
The only heart that on this earthly round
Still beats for him, he will depart from here.
The first step which he takes to reach the ship
That carries him to thee, will disentangle
The Gordian Knot of his embarrassment.

ELSIE.

It cannot be! A sacred vow has chained
My destiny forever to his lot.
My mother, well foreseeing at her death
The threat'ning crisis which must overtake him
Inevitably as wrongs of heart or mind
Draw after them remorse and punishment,—
Exacted from my lips this oath, that never

I would desert my father's side, as long
As he continues in this baneful service,
But watch, a guardian angel, over him,
Till I behold his life-ship safely anchored
Upon the roadstead of his native land.
Alas! since then his headstrong will has lashed
To still more furious haste and maddened run
The fiery steeds that draw his chariot
Which neither tears nor prayers of mine could stay.
Instead of hovering o'er his fate-doomed path
As friendly and inspiring genius,—
I self behold me dragged resistlessly
With every moment farther from the start,
Where left behind me lies the blooming wreath
Of all my fondest hope and happiness;
Where stand my friends in sorrow o'er my fate,
But impotent to check my doomed career.
So wretched must the exile feel, who leaning
Against the vessel's bord, that bears him 'way
Sees more and more his native country's coast
Fade out of sight, till it is gone for ever.

TRAVIS.

Ah! it is so! and clearly now I see,
How by *my* course I added to thy woe.
The attitude, which I have here assumed,
Of bold defiance to thy father's will
Must even more embitter him and cause

Still greater grief to thee. This must be changed.
I will resign my duties here, when freed,
And leave this country, elsewhere to await
Our union under fairer auspices.

ELSIE.

And thinkest thou so mean of me, thy maiden,
That I would cheer this plan by my assent,
Which, if pursued, at once would controvert
The glorious mission thou hast set before thee :
To free this country from the tyrant's yoke ?
No, no ! thou only spakest so to try me,
To test my spirit's metal, if it were
Not all too far below thy lofty standard.
Behold ! when entering here a while ago,
I overheard thy vow, sent from a spot
Whose very air, as mildew blights the flowers,
Is death to hope and courage, then meseemed
I saw a radiant halo o'er thy head
Through which in fiery letters blazed the words :
" His patriotism will realize his vow !"
Should I then meanly, selfishly divert
Thy manly race, bold as the torrent's sweep,
Into the path of common-place stagnation ?
Should I, short-sighted, narrow-minded, wrest
The palm of fame and victory from thee ?
Should I, in fear about *my* happiness,
For ever blast the hopes of many thousands ?

No, Travis, no ! when beams thy name resplendent
Upon the heaven of glory and renown,
May then with it the woeful history
Of my resigning sacrifice be blent
To serve as proof, that for her country's freedom
A Texan maiden deems no price too high.

TRAVIS.

Now art thou wholly as I wished to find thee!
Oh, happy I ! since for me beats and throbs
The noblest heart that ever dwelt in woman !
But think, beloved ! can no way be found
To spare from thee this woeful suicide
Of every hope and earthly joy, whom thus
Resigningly thou lay'st on Freedom's altar ?

ELSIE.

If there exists a way, it lies with us,
But not with thee ; *thy* cause is great and just,
And must remain so, like the polar-star's
Unaltered station on the starlit sky.
So it is *we*, it is my father's course
That must be changed, if all shall yet be well.
That would restore thy freedom at a time
When needs this land thy arm and counsel most ;
That would enroll with active sympathy
His heart and mine upon the patriot's side ;
That, that alone, if Heaven should will it so,

Would blend our lives, as now our hearts are blended.
Hence I will go and try once more to move him
By fervid prayer to which I mean to add
My strongest argument, my treasured secret,
The sweet confession of my love for thee.
Hence pray, that He, who melts the earth in fire
May touch my father's bosom and inspire
My speech to break the rigor of his heart.
Beloved, fare thee well! I must depart.

[*Travis accompanies Elsie to the door in the rear, through which she leaves the prison. This done, he himself enters the chamber at the side.*]

Scene V.

Col. Bradburn's room in the Fort of Anahuac. Col. Bradburn stands near a table in the centre of the room, holding a letter in his hand.

"One hundred thousand dollars in the bank
Of Vera Cruz inscribed to thy account!"
My agent writes—At last I have attained
My life-work's goal and crown; the longed-for day
Whose coming joy through all these weary years
Has warmed my life, that day has now arrived.
Why then so gloomy and cast down, my heart?
Alas! the wealth I wrung from unkind Fortune
By dint of patience and devoted service,

E'en now her cruel hand withholds from me,
And by a treacherous breach of confidence
She asks me to perform some overwork,
Before I can obtain my well-earned fee.
For the intention to resign my post,
So soon the prize should be within my reach,
I must defer in face of this revolt
Which hydra-like lifts its defiant head
Before my very eye-sight in this land.
To leave it now in this disordered state,
To seize my wealth, to flee with it abroad,
Is out of question ; the suspecting eye
Of Despotism would soon detect my motive
And find in it a good pretense to lay
His grasping hand upon my property.
Was it a wicked spirit's tempting voice
That seven months ago, when ninety-thousand
Were not enough for me, has shut and deafened
My ear and heart to Elsie's tearful prayers?
So true it is, that Fortune's envious powers,
In their dislike to man's self-shapen course,
Will quietly oft allow him to approach
His prize, when lo! 't is wrested from his hand.
But courage, Bradburn! why these mournful thoughts,
When not a cloud yet darkens thy horizon?
Proceed to work, e'en though the task be weary,
And see how it may swiftest be accomplished!

[*He meditates a brief while, then exclaims exultingly :*]

E'en now I have it; yea! I found the way!
The obstacle that keeps me from my prize
Shall be the very bridge, o'er which I reach it.
I will hand o'er to the authorities
Of Mexico for judgment and garotte
The captured leaders of this base revolt,
That Jack, that Travis and that Edwards,
Which clearly will attest my loyalty,
Will call me hence for presence at the trial,
And pave withal a way for my retirement!—
Retirement! happy thought! sweet as the balm
Of eventide upon a sultry day,
When for the dismal gusts of wintery care
The slumberous peace of quiet summer-eve
Shall permeate my bosom's corridors,
As swells an organ's long-drawn harmony
Through a majestic minster's colonnades,—
When gratefully, as sees the husbandman
His harvest-wagon's last return, I shall
Enjoy in ease my labor's benefits,—
When my old age shall be prolonged and cheered
By her, for whom alone I took on me
These mounts of care, these centuries of sorrow,
My daughter Elsie.

[*He turns abruptly with a profound horror.*]

Who is here? [*with astonishment*] No one?
And yet meseemed, as if a stealthy step
Had crept behind me and an ice-cold hand

Had lightly tapped my shoulder,

[*Smiling embarrassedly.*]

It was nought,
Nought save perhaps a draught, an ocean-breeze.
I'll close the window!

[*In the act of shutting it he looks without.*]

Ha! what means that flash
Of sunny light, like a reflex of arms?
And moves not there a band of weaponed men,
In far off distance o'er the hazy plain?

[*Seizing a telescope, he surveys the neighborhood.*]

Once more my fancy has belied my eye;
It is a forest-isle I so mistook
That mute and still lies on the prairie's breast.
Still, as precaution is the sire of wisdom,
I'll go and send my cavalry to scour
The country o'er, and order to enforce
The guards upon the walls and at the gates.

Scene VI.

When Bradburn goes toward the door, Elsie enters.

Elsie.

My father, stay! grant me a moment's hearing!

Bradburn.

Defer, I pray, till later thy request;
For urgent business claims my presence elsewhere.

ELSIE.

[*Clinging to him.*]

I must not, can not! see as Jacob spake,
As writes the Book: "I will not let thee go,
Except thou bless me!" even so I say!

BRADBURN.

And what, I ask, makes thy demand so pressing?
What is its purport? matters newly risen,
Or merely a rehearsal of the old?
Were it the last, my time might well be spared.

ELSIE.

And has *not yet* a voice within thy breast
A spark of light before thy mind arisen,
That tell thee where thy way must lead thee to?
A wand'rer, unacquainted with the road
Thou chosest one, that seemed,—but only seemed,
A safe and worthy way to travel on;
Thy choice was wrong, in judgment, not in heart.
But,—when thine every step thou onward takest
Shows thee thy error and reveals to thee
What dread abysses lie thy path beside,
Which deepening, yawning, more and more, invade
Its breath and menace its continuance,—
When from afar a kindly warning voice,

Thrilled by the truest prophecy of love,
Beseeches thee, implores thee, to retract
Thy wayward steps, and *thou*, thou hearest not,—
Thy error's slight offence becomes—a crime!

BRADBURN.

Tut, tut, my child! I cannot see, why now
My way is all at once so dangerous,
So criminal, as when I entered it.
The land we live in, its society,
Its kind relations to the neighboring states,
Are they not quite the same as formerly?

ELSIE.

My father, they are not, for if they were
Thou wouldst not hear thy daughter's pleading voice.
When broke the Mexicans the Spanish yoke,
Ten years ago, then for some time indeed,
A free and lofty spirit thrilled the race,
Well worthy of our countrymen's support.
But ah! too soon the wakened flame died out,
Too soon they bowed to thraldom worse than erst,
Too soon they proved the axiom's truth, that people,
Unable to sustain by strength of arm and mind
Their freedom, merit not its blessed boons.
When priest-craft took the reins of government
Into its hands, when civil feuds arose,
And from their whirpools selfish autocrats
Sprung up as mushrooms will from rotten soil,

Already then thy time was to resign.
But thou didst not, and now a vengeful fate,
Or, much I fear, thy master's base designs
Have placed thee, where a new embarrassment,
Still more a source of danger, joins thy others.
Thou shalt—such is thy stern superior's will—
Oppress the colonists, thy countrymen,
Shalt act the tyrant's part to those whose hearts,
As thine should do, detest that very name,
And shalt oppose the will of Providence,
Which here through them intends to found a state,
As free and glorious as their native Union.
Against *such* odds thy might cannot prevail,
E'en though thine army numbered many millions;
Thou must succumb, with—what is worst—disgrace.

BRADBURN.

Who gave thee such ideas? To found a state
With such materials as they here exist?
Such thoughts dwell only on the lips and brains
Of men who in disorder and rebellion
Expect to reap the harvest of their schemes,
Of demagogues, such as that William Travis,
That Patrick Jack, that Munroe Edwards are.

ELSIE.

Nought is beknown to me of Jack or Edwards,
Though people tell me they are worthy men;
[*Fervidly.*]

But William Travis, father, I feel bound
With all that is within me to defend.

BRADBURN.

And knowest thou, my daughter, him so well?

ELSIE.

That thou wilt lightly from my pleading tell.
I claim for Travis no unusual dower;
No talent's gift, no learned wisdom's power,
No eloquence, no spell of wit are his.
But what he owns in fullest scope, is this:
An honest heart within a noble breast,
A harmony of truth that lies exprest
O'er soul and body, over thought and deed,
Whose blended charm the blindest eye can read.
His gait and stature, manly and erect,
A character of moral strength reflect;
His eye, clear as the sapphire firmament,
Bespeaks his bosom's tender sentiment;
His vaulted brow betokens ardent zeal
For Mankind's highest interest and weal,
And all these virtues,—wouldst thou know, from whence
They spring?—it is his faith in Providence!

BRADBURN.

I cannot err,—Elsie! thou lovest him!

ELSIE.

Father, I do! My heart resistlessly

Went out to him as if by witchery.
Though he be far, I fancy, that his eye
Upon me casts its glances from on high;
His voice rings in my ear both day and night,
His figure ever stands before my sight,
Of him I think, when I my vigils keep,
Of him I dream, when I am wrapt in sleep.

BRADBURN.

And knows he, pray, thy ardent love for him?

ELSIE.

Why should he not? when this life's highest weal,
This heaven on earth, when all I am and feel
Are due to him, when through his magic word
My latent powers are from their slumber stirred;
When through the inspiration from his soul
My spirit wings its flight to higher goal,
When the possession of my treasured prize
Makes hundredfold my self-esteem arise—
O, father, father! come what may, this love
Will be my happiness here and above.

BRADBURN.

My child! the dreams of youthful age are nought
But the reflection of its rosy cheeks;
These gone, the dreams are gone, which proves too well
Their fleeting worth, their idle vanity.
A better bottom than their quicksand is

Required to lay a firm foundation wall
Whereon to frame a happy life ; such ground,
Is wealth, is rank, are family connections.
These once obtained, their benefits secured,
Life's other Graces follow in their wake.
The first two are e'en now in my possession ;
Through prudent husbandry and skilful trade
I have amassed a fortune, while my title,
Well-earned in service, will command respect.
So it is caste alone, which I still need,
That shall wipe out my offspring's low descent
And link my name with races of renown.
For it must be a glorious consciousness
To trace one's lineage upward on the rounds
Of generations to the grayest age.
This latter to secure depends on thee,
Depends upon thy alliance with the scion
Of some old house whom thy accomplishments,
Thy wealth, thy father's rank will easily
Secure for thee. Therefore it is my plan :
That we return to the United States,
My native country, as it was thy mother's,
There settle down in ease and affluence,
And self-contented, envied and respected,
Ascend the smooth and level road that leads
Into the hermitage of our old age.

ELSIE.

How long ere thou wilt enter on this journey ?

BRADBURN.

So soon I have suppressed this insurrection.

ELSIE.

Then wilt thou never see thy plan fulfilled,
And it is best so, as thy gross injustice
Were certain to react on thee as curse
Whose magnitude my spirit dreads to fathom.
Far better in both nature and result
Would be the plan which I have in my mind.

BRADBURN.

Make proof then of thy ingenuity !

ELSIE.

Espouse the cause of Texas with the zeal
Thou hitherto hast squandered on her tyrants;
Enroll thee as the patriots' stoutest friend
As till to-day thou wast their foremost foe ;
Help to restore this land to Liberty
As thou till now hast labored to enslave it.
And thine will be a rank and titled name
For which the proudest king will envy thee,
And thine will be a wealth untold and grand,
Surpassing far the treasures of the East ;
And thine will be a fame of ancestry
Of which thy latest progeny will boast.
Is that, pray, not a better plan than thine ?

BRADBURN.

My oath of fealty bars its execution.

ELSIE.

Resign thy office and thy oath is void.

BRADBURN.

The Mexicans will confiscate my wealth.

ELSIE.

So forfeit it and feel relieved in conscience.

BRADBURN.

Thou knowest not the pangs of poverty.

ELSIE.

They must be comforts 'gainst the pangs of shame.

BRADBURN.

Why ride Rebellion's billows, when our bārks
Can lie at anchor in the haven of order?

ELSIE.

A gallant ship prefers the tempest's wrath
To rotting in some stagnant navy-yard.

BRADBURN.

'Tis folly to emprise an undertaking
Which lacks the faintest prospect of success.

ELSIE.

Success is but the foot-rule of the world;
Right is the measure God in Heaven applies.

BRADBURN.

And if thy zeal, thy honesty and courage
Could win me o'er to thee and overthrow
Mine every plan, mine every principle,
One obstacle will always still remain,
'Gainst which thy arguments cannot prevail:
My love for thee! To think thee lone and helpless
'Mong strangers, war and passionate party-strife,
I cannot, must not, dare not list to thee.

ELSIE.

[*In utter despair.*]

Again thy ear is deafened to my prayers,
Again thy heart is hardened to my tears.
Poor father, oh! how wilt thou rue it once!
For come it will, that stark, that dreadful hour,
When every word I spake just now, will ring
Within thine ear, like mockery of devils,
When every tear I shed just now will burn
Upon thy soul like drops of hellish fire!
Oh, knewest thou, how bleeds my heart within me,
Couldst thou but see those visions 'fore my mind,
Couldst thou but hear the warnings in my ear,
Thou wouldst, thou wouldst relent for thine own good
'Tis not to be! Let God's will then be done!

[*Proceeding more calmly.*]

One more request I have to lay before thee.
Thou hast upon thine own authority,

Imprisoned William Travis and his friends.
So promise then to me, that e'en to-morrow
Thou lawfully wilt try the charge against them.
I ask no favor, or for me or them,
I only plead the human right of justice.
As is the sun the source of every life,
So, so is Justice Mankind's other light.
As *he* dispelled the chaos' mighty gloom
So led *her* genial hand the human race
From beastly state, when might alone was right,
To kinder, purer, better sentiments;
As without *him* no being could exist,
So without *her* Life were a baneful curse;
As shine *his* beams alike on worm and lion
So equally *she* pours her benefits
O'er rich and poor, and o'er the weak and strong.
Sin, father, not against her holy law,
For great as are her blessings, is her vengeance.

BRADBURN.

Remember, child, I am not here to judge,
But only to attend my master's orders;
Yet at thy pleading I will fain extend
What little mercy's scope is given to me,
Beyond its limits e'en, if *they* deserve it.
To prove my word's sincerity to thee,
I instantly will speak to William Travis.

[*He taps a bell. A soldier enters.*]

Inform the jailer that I wish to see
The prisoner, William Travis, led before me.

[*Exit soldier.*]

Leave us alone now, child, and rest convinced,
That day and night my every thought will aim
Thy welfare to promote. My love shall yet
Prepare for thee a radiant sky of life,
E'en though light clouds obscure it now. Good night.

[*He kisses Elsie's forehead. Elsie leaves the room with signs of great despondency.*]

Scene VII.

Bradburn at first alone. Afterwards Travis.

Bradburn.

A new embarrassment! When will they cease?
As if conjured by some magician's wand,
Who bears me ill, so from the ground they start
And try to block my way to peace and rest.
But triumph not too soon, ye cruel powers!
As sailors throw the deck-load over-board
To save their battered ship from total wreck,
So shall not scruples, hitherto revered,
Nor principles, observed till now, debar me
From the reward of my laborious life.
This rising spectre of my daughter's love
For that rebellious upstart must be crushed,

Crushed, crushed, by every means that might controls,
That, right or wrong, will consummate the end.
He, first of all, must be removed from here,
Must be dishonored in my daughter's eye,
For which, methinks, I know a proper way,
Provided that his pride will not defeat it.

[*He sits down at the table to write. Enters Travis, escorted by the jailer.*]

Leave me alone a moment with that man.

[*Exit jailer. Bradburn having risen and standing near the table, surveys Travis from under his eye-brows; the latter, with arms crossed over his breast, stands frankly before him.*]

Well, William Travis, must I still behold thee
Maintaining thy defiant attitude,
Which ill becomes at any time a captive,
But even less avails as hiding mask
The base destroyer of a maiden's peace?
Abject enough is an ungrateful rebel,
But language fails in epithets for him
Who makes a trusting maiden's love
The ambuscade of his nefarious schemes.

TRAVIS.

Thou wieldest here the sword of tyranny
Unscrupulously; why then delayest thou
To join with it thy fatherly revenge?

BRADBURN.

A coward hurls his bold defiance only
When feeling him secure. Thou knowest well
That striking thee, I also strike my daughter.

TRAVIS.

A despot rarely makes such nice distinctions.

BRADBURN.

That I *do* make them proves thy word as false.

TRAVIS.

Words oft must serve as substitutes for truth.

BRADBURN.

Enough, this idle interchange of speech
Which neither mitigates the culprit's guilt,
Nor elevates the judge's majesty.
The packet-boat lies ready at the wharf,
To-morrow even to convey from here
To Vera Cruz thee and thy fellow rebels
For trial at the court of Mexico.
Your death is certain; for the Mexicans,
Justly embittered o'er the foreigners
Who wantonly disturb the peaceful realms
Of their domain by stirring strife and discord,
Long since have clamored, that a stern example
Of justice should be meted out to them.
Therefore, I ween, they hardly will forgive me

If I deprive them of the welcome show,
To see three prominent Americans
Transported through the streets of Mexico
Amid the hooting of the populace.
But as it is, they must this time forego
The spectacle, unless thy stubbornness,
Unwarranted by either hope or fear,
Force me to disregard my daughter's tears.
Here, sign this contract, knowing that on thee
Depends thy life, as well as thy companions'.

[*Bradburn hands Travis the note he had been writing at the latter's entrance.*]

TRAVIS.

[*Reads aloud.*]

This is to certify that I agree
To leave forthwith the Mexican domain,
And never after thither to return,
If Colonel J. D. Bradburn will consent
To pay into my hand the full amount
Of thousand dollars gold at my departure.

[*He tears the paper into shreds.*]

Well, well conceived, John Bradburn! this design
Does credit to thy ingenuity.

[*Smiling.*]

The more a pity, that it must remain
Shelved in the storehouse of thy fertile brain.

BRADBURN.

In earnestness I made to thee this offer ;
What then provokes thy rude hilarity ?

TRAVIS.

Forgive! the thought, how many mice John Bradburn
Aims to inveigle in a single trap,
Just now appeared to me quite ludicrous.

BRADBURN.

What meanest thou ? I understand thee not.

TRAVIS.

The better thou art understood by me.
By my acceptance of thy offered bribe
Thou mean'st to place me as a renegade
And wretched knave before my countrymen ;
Thou mean'st to free thee of a bold opponent,
Who e'en in fetters is to thee a terror,—
Thou meanest to efface my name inscribed
Upon thy daughter's heart as undeserving
Her love, her admiration, her esteem.
And what is the equivalent thou givest?
An insult couched as promise in disguise,
When not the wealth of all the earth can buy
From me my countrymen's regard and friendship,
My zeal for freedom and thy daughter's love.

BRADBURN.

[*Furiously.*]

Enough, enough ! henceforth expect the worst !
Thou shalt yet rue thy obstinate refusal !
In chains and irons like a criminal
I'll have thee laid forthwith—I will to-morrow
Send thee to Mexico ;—I will—

VOICES OUTSIDE.

Hurrah !

[*A shot fired from without shatters a window in Col. Bradburn's room.*]

BRADBURN.

[*Trembling.*]

Ha ! what is that ? what can this noise portend ?

SCENE VIII.

A great confusion and the footsteps of hurrying persons are heard from the corridor leading to Col. Bradburn's room. The door is violently opened, through which several Mexican officers, among them Capt. Patcho, enter, all greatly excited.

PATCHO.

Oh, Colonel, we are lost ! a band of rebels
Have scaled our outside ramparts by surprise

And turned our cannon 'gainst our barrack-doors.
Flight or resistance are alike in vain.

BRADBURN.

Oh, my presentiment! Why slept our guards,
And failed to mark the enemy's approach?
Close all the gates immediately and place
Two men at every window; then collect
The others in the corridor below,
Prepared for the sortie I myself shall lead.

[*The officers rush out. Bradburn having locked the room, the key of which he leaves in the lock, follows them.*]

TRAVIS.

What have I heard? My countrymen are here?
Have occupied their ramparts, seized their guns?
Can it be true, and should the blessed hour
Of my deliverance have approached so soon?

[*He goes to the window.*]

Yes! it is true! for there they stand! God bless them!

[*He waves his pocket-handkerchief.*]

Hail, hail, my brave, my faithful comrades, hail!
To save your friends from prison and from death
You have not lost an hour, but thrown aside
Your comfort, your employments and your safety.
Your friendly service to repay, may soon
An opportunity arise for me!—
But is it possible? and see I right?

There Elsie stands among them ! How came she
To join my countrymen !

[*He strikes his forehead with his hands.*]

Oh, loving heart !
Now first, now I divine thy stratagem.
Thou wast the guide, that brought assistance here,
When every other means proved unavailing !
What seemed confused, entangled hopelessly,
Quickly the magic of thy love dissolves ;
What deemed impossible my doubting mind,
Thy loving courage lightly executes.—
But see ! what means that joyful agitation
And curious flutter 'mong my countrymen ?
Ah, I observe ! my Elsie's magic charm
Has proved effective ; for a flag of truce
Advances from the barrack-gate. 'Tis Bradburn !
How hard, how grievous must his every step
Appear to him ! how painful his defeat!
How ominously he must around him feel
The pinions of the gloomy spirits waft,
Whose counsels lured him on his giddy way,
Whose voices shut his ear and heart against
The warnings of his better genius,
And whose triumphant mockeries and sneers
Now point him to the wreck of all his plans.
So it has been, and so 't will ever be :
The harvest sown upon the poisonous soil
Of tyranny, will bear no other fruit

Save ruin and disgrace to serf and master.
But see ! the parley is at end ! it means
Surrender and exchange of prisoners,
As I infer from seeing Elsie freed
From her captivity : will she come here ?

Scene IX.

Enters Elsie. Travis leaves the window and comes to meet her.

Elsie.

Oh, Travis ! freedom smiles on thee again !

Travis.

And twice as gratefully, since I receive it
Given through thy hands and from thy lips announced.

Elsie.

Thou know'st what has occurred ? Pray, tell me how ?

Travis.

My knowledge rests on inference alone,
Since I beheld thee 'mong our countrymen.
Thy own lips must impart to me thy venture.

Elsie.

My tale is brief. Sad and disconsolate
About my father's unmoved stubbornness,
I went, while yet he was engaged with thee,

To seek my garden-arbor, there to muse,
And weep and pray, when suddenly there sprang
Armed men from every bush and every shrub,
Rushed o'er the little bridge I had let down,
And scaled the walls, while I remained their captive,
Who served as welcome hostage in their hands.

TRAVIS.

Thou knew'st then nought beforehand of their coming?
Thou wast then not the guide who led them here?

ELSIE.

Unconsciously,—I see it now,—I served
As means through which thou hast regained thy freedom.

TRAVIS.

My erring mind, dear Elsie, just ascribed
A heroine's glory to thy conscious deed.
My seeing spirit must attribute now
That higher crown to thee, an angel's halo!
Oh! would thou couldst forever thus remain
My intercessor with the powers of fate!

ELSIE.

In spirit, yes! through daily, hourly prayer
I'll be with thee as friendly genius,
Though now our ways must part here, since my father
Will henceforth more than ever need my aid.

TRAVIS.

Oh ! must the glorious dawn of Liberty,
Oh ! must the day, that oped my prison-door
Consign thy life to night? It cannot be !

ELSIE.

Yes, it is night, that henceforth will enshroud
My soul and heart, but mind thee ! not the night
Of bleak despair, of crying agony ;
No, that of holy sadness which becomes,
The more it grows, the dearer to the heart.
For from afar the radiance of thy course
Will cast a sweet reflection on my path,
Not too resplendent as to jar by contrast,
And not too feeble as to fail in comfort.
So will my life be henceforth like a chapel,
Among whose sombre aisles and colonnades
The sunlight, falling through the colored panes,
Pours out a mellow-tinted "clarobscuro,"
The sweetest light, 'neath which to dream and pray.

TRAVIS.

Oh, happy talent of the female heart,
Whose heavenly instinct knows how to detect
Some light upon the darkest sky of sorrow,
Some hope amid the wildest sea of woe.
Oh, give me but an atom of that balm,
Thy childlike faith, and I will part in peace.

ELSIE.

Fain I extend to thee that comfort, couched
In the relation of an incident
Which, though it happened many years ago,
Is deeply graven on my memory,
And seems to me a fitting simile
To show, how once *our* mystery may be solved.—
When, still a child, I tarried with my father,
Then stationed at some far-off western fort,
We were beleaguered by a furious band
Of wild Comanches, who with yells and shots
Essayed to storm the ramparts. Overcome
By childish fear, I hid me underneath
The altar of the Mission. So concealed,
I trembling sat beneath that gloomy spot,
When I observed amid that sombre light
An iron bolt. I pushed it back and raised
A secret trap-door, which revealed to me
A frowning passage-way. With fleeting steps
I then procured a torch, and by its light,
Explored the yawning path. For many hours
I wandered through its jet-black gallery,
Until, arrived upon its end, there burst
The glowing sunlight through some window-panes
Upon my dazzled eyesight. I had reached
Another Mission, far remote from ours,
Where I was safe from injury and harm.

[*With the highest solemnity of inspiration.*]

Dark as that subterranean corridor,
So lie our lives our anxious gaze before,
Illuminated only by the glimmering light
Of our unwavering love. But as the night
Which wrapt my transit through that secret way
Was changed to unexpected, welcome day,
So, too, for us shall dawn the glorious hour,
When God, the Lord, through His mysterious power,
Shall re-unite us, nevermore to part!
Let this assurance alway cheer thy heart!

TRAVIS.

[*With great enthusiasm.*]

Speaks God through thee? hast thou become His angel,
Such as of old proclaimed His truth to men?
It is,—it must be so, as thou hast said:
For I behold it in the radiant beams,
Shed o'er and round thee with transfiguring glow;
I hear it in thy deep-inspired tone,
That strikes my ear with heavenly melody;
And self I feel it in the fervid ardor
Which has replaced my bosom's icy chill:
Such is not earthly joy; it is the splendor
Of Heaven above, and God alone its sender.

ELSIE.

[*As above.*]

Yes, trust in Him! pursue thy manly way,
Deliver Texas from the tyrant's sway,

Unwaveringly, till thou hast reached the goal,
And shouldst thou fall, then will thy Elsie's soul
Soar hand in hand with thee the airy flight
To yonder homes of happiness and light,
While in a thankful nation's memory
Thy name and hers live for eternity.

[*A long embrace.*]

Scene X.

Enters Bradburn with a paper in his hand. He is followed by some Mexican officers, who station themselves on the left side of the stage. Behind them enter Frank W. Johnston, commander of the patriots, Don Lorenzo de Zavala, Wm. H. Jack, and several other patriots, who occupy the right side of the stage, with the table between them and the Mexicans.

Bradburn.

[*Who enters a little in advance of the others, steps between Travis and Elsie.*]

Part!

Elsie.

[*Waving her hand to Travis.*]

Fare thee well!

TRAVIS.

[*Stepping toward the right.*]

Fare ever, ever well !

[*Exit Elsie.*]

JOHNSTON.

[*Just entering.*]

Hail, Travis, friend ! thou art revenged, art free !

JACK.

[*Coming behind Johnston, to Travis.*]

Thank God, thou livest still ! Our fears are calmed.

ZAVALA.

[*Following Jack, likewise addressing Travis.*]

Have now thy pupils earned their master's praise ?

TRAVIS.

[*Shaking hands with all.*]

Thanks, thanks to all of you ; no more I say !
Your kindness, friends, has opened every sluice
That in my heart held back the founts of joy,
Which unobstructed now burst forth and drown
Each word of thanks, as on my lips it steps :
The better shall my future deeds bespeak them.

BRADBURN.

[*Who, immediately after his entry, had sat down at the table, to copy the articles of surrender agreed upon,*

has finished them now, and signaling to two Mexican officers to sign them, rises from his seat, and addresses the Texans.]

The articles are ready to receive
Your signatures : yet ere they are affixed,
Ere by the pen you irrevocably
Will ratify the actions of your hands,
I deem it just, once more to warn you all
Against the bitter fruit, which *must* spring forth
From your defiance to authority.

JOHNSTON.

Waste not the efforts of thy eloquence ;
Ours is the best authority of all :
The vindication of our sacred rights.

BRADBURN.

[*With a sneer.*]

I never heard of *that* authority.

JOHNSTON.

[*As he puts down the pen, wherewith he has signed the articles, in which proceeding he is followed by Jack and Zavala:*]

The die is cast ! 't is Liberty or Death !

BRADBURN.

All matters settled now, we leave the fort ;
So fare ye well, till *here* we meet again.

JOHNSTON.

Nought is impossible with God. Farewell.

[*Bradburn and his Mexicans leave the room.*]

TRAVIS.

This fort has fallen. But what about the others?

JOHNSTON.

An hour ago we have received the news
From Nacogdoches, that the patriots
Have driven the Mexicans from fort and town.

TRAVIS.

Indeed? Then why not start to take Velasco?

JOHNSTON.

Brave Austin may have ta'en it by this time.

MESSENGER.

[*Entering with other Texans.*]

Hail, countrymen! I bring you happy news!
Velasco has surrendered! Captain Austin
Has sent me to convey to you these tidings.

ALL PRESENT.

Cheer, cheer!

JOHNSTON.

So bear with thee to thy commander
As joyous a report as thou hast brought,

That Nacogdoches and our Anahuac
Are likewise in the patriots' hands.

MESSENGER.

I will.

[*Exit.*]

ZAVALA.

As sunny rays the snows of April melt,
So quickly has our tyrants' might succumbed
Before our first spontaneous enterprise.
When thus so strikingly the hollowness
Of their pretended magnitude is proven,
And while they left us without law and rule,
Why not declare us here immediately
Free and absolved from every fealty,
Now and forever, to a Mother-State,
Which, ever deaf to our most just complaints,
Will find in our revolt sufficient cause
For still severer measures of oppression?

TRAVIS.

My friend, forgive me, if I must declare
Thy well-meant counsel out of time and place!
Thou once hast told me, that through us thou first
Hast learned to loathe the bane of tyranny
And to concede to every man his birth-right
Of Liberty and Justice. Hence reject
Another lesson not, which unaware
We have imbibed e'en through our mother's milk,

And which our native country's mighty breath
Since then has fanned into a conscious truth.
Self-government—the capability
To rule as well as to be ruled,—that is
The only true and safe palladium
That guarantees a stable permanence
Of peace and freedom and prosperity.
Self-government—that is the corner-stone
On which alone a State can safely rest,
From which it draws, as from a root of life,
Strength to withstand misfortunes, storms and wars.
Self-government—that is the magic wand
Through which each one's peculiar gifts and powers
Are instantly aroused and reared and turned
Into a boon and benefit for all.
Self-government—that is the fount of youth
Through which each day a land is born anew,
And shielded 'gainst the stagnant influence
Of ruling classes and monopoly.—
Hence when this new-awakened strife of passion
Gives way before our reason's calmer sway,
Let us select from every town and borough
Such men as most deserve our confidence,
To meet in council, to review our wants,
And to propose their well-considered plans
For our acceptance or rejection. So
We shall avoid the cliffs of anarchy,
And safely reach the haven of ordered state.

JACK.

That, Travis, is the just and only way.

JOHNSTON.

No doubt it is! yet while the radiant fire
Of patriotism casts heavenward its flame,
We ought to foster it and have a care,
That everyday-life's little interests
Not quench the once-awakened stir of hearts.
This to achieve, what agent is so strong,
So universal as the power of Song?
Like as a lusty eagle, bold and fierce,
By it the soul will soar to heavenly spheres,
Like as a tempest, so this God-sent dower
Will swell our hearts with all-resistless power.
Hence, countrymen, intune with deep-felt glee
The stirring "Hymn of Texan Liberty,"
And bear it home and spread it through the lands,
Where'er a homestead lies, a cottage stands,
And where you be, together or alone,
Let rise your hearts on its inspiring tone.
Rise, freemen, rise! your watchword be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

[*During the whole progress of this scene more and more Texan Volunteers have quietly entered the room, which is now filled with them to its utmost capacity. Rising from benches on which they have taken their seats, they now intune*]

THE HYMN OF TEXAN LIBERTY.*

1.

Rise, valiant yeomen, one and all,
And take your swords in hand;
For hear you not the thrilling call
Of Freedom through the land?
So let her not appeal in vain,
But raise for her a holy fane:
Rise, freemen, rise! your watchword be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

2.

Leave wife and child, drop tool and plow,
Your home, your work forsake!
A higher prize of yours is now
In danger and at stake:
Your faith, your honor and your right
Are threatened by the tyrant's might;
Rise, freemen, rise! your watchword be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

3.

No earthly treasure is too high,
Too great no sacrifice,
E'en though it were to bleed and die
For Freedom's lofty prize;

* For the tune of this Hymn see page 241.

Happy, if gains your sword and toil
For you a grave in Freedom's soil:
Rise, freemen, rise! your watchword be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

4.

And if the tyrant loudly boasts
Of greater might than ours:
Our Ally is the Lord of Hosts,
With all His gifts and powers;
He aids us, for our cause is fair;
Who will then tremble and despair?
Rise, freemen, rise! your watchword be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

[CURTAIN.]

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

A road leading through a forest, with the Alamo in the back-ground. Wm. Travis accompanying Edward Burleson and Frank W. Johnston, who appear equipped for a journey.

TRAVIS.

The spot is reached where we must part, my friends,
You to go eastward,—I to wend my steps

Back to the Alamo, with whose defence
The same command which ordered your recall
Has trusted me, at best a doubtful honor.
Happy the soldier, whom his narrow way
Of duty leads securely on his path;
His order is his never-failing compass,
Its execution his delight and praise.
Such, by no means, is the commander's lot,
Whose pleasure-cup is bittered by the worm-wood
Of Care and grave Responsibility,
Who oft, when human wisdom fails his mind,
With shuddering hand must draw a doubtful chance
From out the urn of fate, which mercilessly
Decides on this his merit and his fame.
But then, as meet it is, a soldier's wish
Succumbs before the voice of discipline.

BURLESON.

'Tis strange how oft, what seems to one a burden
His neighbor covets as his greatest boon.
'Tis so the case with us; for nothing more
I should desire to crown my life's exploits
Than to defend the self-same Alamo
Which but two months ago the volunteers
In my command so gallantly have won.
Like as a precious gift I cherished it,
Such as we fain repeatedly defend
To show, how much we value its possession.

The only comfort then, when we must leave
So dear a property behind, is this :
To know its keeping trusted to a hand
That *is* as brave, as ours *designed* to be.

TRAVIS.

Thanks for the honor of thy compliment,
Although my diffidence deserves it not,
However much it may be justified.
I beg thee to remember, that of all
The nineteen-hundred, then in thy command,
No more than hundred fifty yet remain
To garrison the fort's extended walls.
Consider, too, that Santa Anna leads
His army's flower, near thirteen-thousand strong,
With guns and siege-train 'gainst our time-worn ramparts.
Pray, misinterpret not my doubts as fear ;
For e'en if victory is out of question
Save—if you will—the victory of a brave
Yet fruitless opposition,—still the wish
Is fair, I think, that my defence, my death
Prove not quite useless for the weal of Texas.

JOHNSTON.

So let us hasten, Burleson, to reach
Sam Houston on the Colorado's banks,
And there arrived, not to relent in prayers
Till he has sent the Alamo relief.

Against its stone-walls as against a rock
The en'my must exhaust his wrathful power,
If not, his hosts will overflow the land.
So fare thee well, friend Travis, till thou hear'st
Our trumpet's peal to herald thy release.

BURLESON.

The eyes and hopes of Texas rest on thee,
Be thou the bulwark of her Liberty!

TRAVIS.

I will, I will!—so to our friends report:
That Travis is resolved to hold the fort
Until his end, and that from its debris
Shall rise the phœnix of her liberty!

[*Exeunt Burleson and Johnston.*]

SCENE II.

[BIOPSIS.]

Travis alone.

1.

Farewell, for ever! for I feel it, soon
I must bid even *life* a last farewell!
So let me, friendly Nature, then commune
Once more with thee, ere sounds my funeral knell,
And strengthen me with every comfort's boon,
With all the blessed gifts, that in thee dwell,
To cheer my heart and courage for the task
Which honor, freedom, country from me ask.

2.

Thou who hast nursed me in my mother's womb,
Whose arms have borne me into life and light,
Whose genial warmth has swelled my childhood's bloom,
Whose teachings made the school-boy's rambles bright,—
Spare not thy balm, when standing at my tomb
I more than ever need thy counsel's might.—
Have thanks, e'en now thou hast fulfilled my prayer
In yon cocoon, suspended in the air.

[*He takes a caterpillar's web from an overhanging branch.*]

3.

Thou chrysalis! how well thou showest me
Kind Nature's beneficial ordinance,
That saves her children from the agony
Of transitory progress by the trance
Of sleep and death, whose torpid mystery
Begets in them new powers for their advance,—
Thou only slumber'st to await the change
That will extol thee to a higher range!

4.

Of loathsome mien, of uncouth form till late,
Thou shalt be draped in raiments proud and rare,
When summer-heats unlock thy prison-gate
And send thee forth as "blossom of the air,"

Whose thirst the flowers' sweet petals satiate,
While leaves and stalks formed hitherto thy fare.
Perfected so in shape, in hue, in wants,
Live on thy circled life mid earthly haunts.

5

And I?—Like thee *I* have a web to spin,
A tegument for my immortal soul:
The finer, purer threads I weave therein,
The sooner I shall reach my destined goal.
For when the rays of heavenly suns begin
To pour their light on me from ærial pole,
My spirit, like thy butterfly, shall soar
Its lofty, radiant flight for evermore.

6.

Hence hope and strive and falter not, my heart!
Thou shalt exist for all eternity!
Diffused, enlarged, thou shalt become a part
Of other beings, yet to rise and be!
How far, how widely, rests with thee; thou art
The own creator of thy destiny:
Therefore aim well, aim high for genuine truth:
It holds thy fount of everlasting youth.

[*He sits down on a grassy knoll, and becomes lost in deep reverie.*]

Scene III.

*The voice of a man, coming through the woods, is overheard singing the following song.**

1.

Born in the wilds of Tennessee,
With Indians round about,
This child was reared and grew to be
A daring hunter-scout.
I fought the brinded catamount,
And dragged the panther from his haunt,
And grappled with the lynx and bear,
And scaled the eagle's cliff-built lair;
And so it came, that with my name
Was blent a daring *Hunter's* fame.

2.

And when about the neighborhood
The Creeks spread death and fear,
I shouldered for my country's good
My gun as volunteer.
I served Old Jackson as a guide,
Fought many battles at his side,
And often saved by timely aid
My comrades from an ambuscade;
And so it came, that with my name
Was blent a gallant *Soldier's* fame.

* For the tune of this song, see page 242.

3.

The war at end, I homeward tacked,
To settle down in ease,
But no! my friends chose me to act
As Justice of the Peace.
I could not write; hence good and brief
My warrants sounded: "Catch the thief!"
But never once I favored wrong,
Or crushed the poor, or fawned the strong.
And so it came, that with my name
Was blent an upright *Judge's* fame.

4.

For Congress then a nominee
I took the stump and ran,
And was elected handsomely
O'er every other man.
In Congress then at Washington
I sat as silent as a nun;
Yet though I spake but "Aye" and "Nay,"
My vote was honest any way.
And so I gained a world-wide fame,
As *Congressman* without a blame.

5.

Now after a ten months' sojourn
'Mong my Comanche friends,
I have resolved my steps to turn
Where my life's journey ends.

My brethren in the Alamo
I come to join against the foe;
They will succumb before his might,
Yet it will be a glorious fight;
So will forever with my name
Be blent a *Martyr's* noble fame.

[*Travis, having listened hitherto with great surprise, now rises.*]

TRAVIS.

One only being in the universe
That man can be, and that is—David Crockett.

CROCKETT.

[*Dressed in buck-skin clothes and wearing a fox-skin cap, now steps from the bushes with Betsy, his rifle, in his hand.*]

Who called my name?

TRAVIS.

I did—I, William Travis,
Commander of the Alamo, who hail
Thy unexpected coming here with joy,
Since nought could add more strength to our defence,
Or cheer my men with more enthusiasm.

CROCKETT.

[*Ceremoniously.*]

I thank thee kindly for thy eulogy,
As we in Congress used to style such praise.

But speak ! why lingerest thou here in the woods
Like as a simpler, seeking healing herbs,
Or like a poet, scanning Nature's secrets,
While even now the foe is close at hand,
And hopes to take thy forteress by surprise.

TRAVIS.

[*Eagerly.*]

What sayest thou ? It cannot be—my scouts—

CROCKETT.

Have all been captured by the fleet dragoons
Of Santa Anna, who from different points
Spread out the network of his cavalry
That compassed them, ere yet they were aware.

TRAVIS.

But pray how happen'st thou to know this news ?

CROCKETT.

Through my Comanche friends who, vulture-like,
Hang round the skirts of Santa Anna's van.

TRAVIS.

If I before have welcomed thy arrival
As useful, as a blessing to our cause,
I now behold in it the wondrous hand
Of Providence, dispatching thee to warn us
Against approaching danger. But, friend Crockett,
Let now us haste, where duty calls our steps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Santa Anna's tent in the Mexican Camp before the Alamo. Santa Anna seated in an arm-chair, while before him stand the Generals Cos and Castrillon and the Colonels Bradburn, Duque and Almonte.

Santa Anna.

[*Rising.*]

The auspices of fate, my Generals,
Were not propitious to our first exploit
On Texan soil, still I regret it not.
In every enterprise I have been wont
To sacrifice a share of mine to Fate
By reckless venture and impetuous force;
And I have found my work to turn out well,
As oft as Fate received my offering.
Why it is so, I self can hardly tell;
Maybe, that, flattered by my reverence,
(Akin to that of Grecian banquet-hosts
Who to the gods poured out their goblet's prime),
The fatal god grows reconciled to me;
Maybe, that like a savage animal
He feeds upon the booty thrown to him,
While free from his restraint and fickleness
Man's innate talent can work out its way—
Enough, to-day's discomfiture proclaims

Our undertaking's ultimate success,
To which, besides, our soldiers' discipline,
Our leaders' bravery and experience,
Withal our might and numbers clearly point.
But albeit my detention hindered me
To be a witness to this morning's fight,
So render me, Castrillon, thy report.

CASTRILLON.

According to Your Excellency's command
I was to storm the Alamo, so soon
I had arrived here with the army's van
Of thirteen hundred men. In steadfast march,
Though flew the bullets thick and fast, we reached
The ramparts of the forteress, which we scaled.
In vain. No sooner had the crest been gained,
When madly, like a wounded grizzly bear,
The garrison flung headlong down our ranks
And boldly opening then the gates, rushed forth,
—Travis their leader—on our wavering men.
They fled and stopped not in their maddened run,
Till they had reached the refuge of our camp.
One single captive, whom, attacking me,
I with my sabre cut across his brow,
Is all the trophy which we have obtained,
While of my thirteen hundred men
More than one-fourth are either killed or wounded.

SANTA ANNA.

So bring, Castrillon, then thy captive here,
That we may question him about the fort.

[*Exit Castrillon.*]

Meanwhile receive my will for this campaign.
Ween not, that when we have subdued and crushed
This base revolt, our task were then complete.
A fool combats the evil's gorgon-head,
A prudent man destroys the evil's *root*.
This territory must become the bulwark
Of Mexico against the threatening tide
Of immigrants from Anglo-Saxon stock,
Which thoughtlessly has been allowed to roll
Its waves of heresy and rationalism,
Of lawlessness and bold irreverence,
Against these ill-defended Texan shores.
The time has come, when loudly to announce,
That never on the self-same continent
The Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races
Can live in peace and harmony together.
For as the Roman loathed the crafty race
Of Carthage, and relented not in war,
Till every stone of her antagonist
Was powdered dust, so parts a yawning gulf
Of bitter jealousy and hate intense
These modern nationalities. Behold
The Anglo-Saxons! Without rest and peace
They roam and spread and plot and seek and grasp,

An easy prey to every fancy's gust,
To innovations and utopian schemes.
'Tis true they fill and colonize the earth,
And lay it out in states and commonwealths,
But all of these are frail and hollow shells,
Whom like a cardboard-house the slightest breath
May disarrange or wholly overturn.
Not so the Latin race! although it lacks
The other's fitful elasticity—
Their stern solidity of government,
Their healthful stableness of discipline,
Their innate reverence to authority,
Are better safe-guards for their future greatness.
Therefore our peaceful progress to insure,
I am resolved to put the best barrier
Of all, a desert waste round Mexico,
A zone of safety, broad four hundred miles,
With not one human being save the Indian.
To this effect, let every town and village
And farm-house be destroyed, as you pass by;
Let every Mexican we meet be sent
Where he belongs, across the Rio Grande;
But foreigners be warned on pain of death
Immediately to leave this territory.
When not a soul is left then in this land
Save Indians and our garrisons perchance,
The ancient Spanish law, that once forbade
A stranger's foot to trespass on this land,

Will be renewed and rigidly enforced.
This is my plan, long nursed and now matured;
It is for you to act accordingly.

Scene V.

Enters Castrillon, leading James Travis, who looks pale and exhausted, and whose head is bandaged.

Santa Anna.

Is that thy captive, say? A beardless boy?
That is indeed quite ludicrous. I fain
Would know if all insurgents are mere boys.

J. Travis.

What if they were? They made your bearded men
Retreat this morn in quite a lively style.

Cos.

Boy, knowest thou before whom thou standest here?

J. Travis.

I never saw his face, still every trait
His blood-shot eye, his lips so firmly set,
His savage grin, his hollow cheeks,—they all
Proclaim to me: I stand before "The Butcher."

Santa Anna.

Here, gentlemen, you can behold anew
The fruit of Anglo-Saxon discipline:
Gross impudence and wanton disrespect.

J. TRAVIS.

We Anglo-Saxons give our free esteem
To honest men, however poor and low;
But such as thee we hate and loathe the more,
The greater might they have to do us harm.

SANTA ANNA.

Enough I have already heard and borne
Of thy bravado. Tell us now thy name.

J. TRAVIS.

James Travis I am called.

SANTA ANNA.

James Travis? what?
Art thou related to that demagogue
Who, Colonel now, commands the Alamo?

J. TRAVIS.

My highest boast is that I am his brother,
Yea, brother to the best, the bravest man
That ever breathed the air. No human heart
Beats so for all that noble is and good.

SANTA ANNA.

Thou art his brother, hem! that pleases me,
Yea, pleases me more than a thousand captives.
[*Abruptly.*]
How many men defend the Alamo?

J. TRAVIS.

How many men? Is that thy wish to know?

SANTA ANNA.

Yes, yes! no matter 'bout a man or two.

J. TRAVIS.

If thou wouldst know their actual count, then go,
When have thy minions stormed the forteress
And count the corpses lying there within,—
Their number will reveal to thee how strong
The garrison was of the Alamo.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Grinding his teeth.*]

My boy! thou art still young and ignorant,
And ne'er perhaps hast heard of certain means
That force the strongest man to ope his lips,
And break the stoutest bosom's stubbornness.
There is the lash that stripes thy tender back
With grooves of bloody gore; there is the rack
That sends a shock of pain through every limb;
There is the iron virgin that inflicts
Her spiked embrace into thy quivering flesh;
There are the red-hot tongs, and many more
I care not to describe. All these await
Thy youthful form, if thou refuse to answer.
Once more: how many hold the Alamo?

J. TRAVIS.

Once more, to learn that thou must conquer it.

SANTA ANNA.

Enough; lead him away and try the lash
Full twenty times on him to test his strength.

J. TRAVIS.

That, tyrant, thou canst test immediately.

[*He leaps with the fierceness of a tiger at Santa Anna, whose throat he seizes with both hands.*]

SANTA ANNA.

[*Gasping for breath.*]

Tear him away from me; he strangles me.

[*The officers pull Travis away, and form a line between him and Santa Anna, who has fallen into his arm-chair from exhaustion.*]

J. TRAVIS.

[*Rising to his full height.*]

Behold! as has a feeble youngster's hand
Laid weak and low that mighty tyrant lord,
So lightly shall our patriots' little band
O'ercome his hosts and break his yoke abhorred.

COS.

[*Addressing Santa Anna.*]

Speak but the word and we cut him to pieces.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Recovering.*]

No, no ! he must be spared for better ends.

JAMES TRAVIS.

For better ends ! Ha ! I devine thy plan
To use me as a scare-crow 'gainst my brother,
Whom so thou ween'st to force into surrender
By threats of torturing me ! Is that thy scheme ?
Well, despot, list ! Although thy base design
Would wreck against my brother's fortitude
And hardly need a sacrifice from me,
Not even I will gratify thy wish !
See now, how come " thy better ends " to end !

[*He tears the bandages from his wounds.*]

Stream forth, my blood ! if here or in the fight,
What matters it ? To Liberty and Right
Thine every drop was vowed ; e'en here thou flow'st
In their behalf ! Where, tyrant, is thy boast?

[*He falls into Castrillon's arms.*]

SANTA ANNA.

[*Rising.*]

Quick ! get a surgeon, Duque, and thou, Almonte,
Assist Castrillon to remove the youth,

[*When Bradburn takes a hand in the removal.*]

—Bradburn, thou wilt remain a while with me,—

[*Continuing to address the others.*]

And see to it, that this most precious hostage
Of Fortune is not lost to us. Away!
[*Castrillon, Duque and Almonte bring J. Travis away.*]

SCENE VI.

Santa Anna, Cos and Bradburn remain.

SANTA ANNA.

I have retained thee, Colonel Bradburn, here
To trust thee with a charge, I hide it not,
As delicate, as difficult, but as:
"The greatest task becomes the greatest mind,"
This mission, well performed by thee, will add
Another palm of merit to the many
Which Mexico has entered to thy credit
Upon the ledger of her gratitude.

COS.

[*Aside.*]

The ledger, yes! but not the cash account.

SANTA ANNA.

It is my wish, that under flag of truce
Thou instantly start for the Alamo,
And there arrived, demand the fort's surrender
With all its men and arms. But am I right?
The task appears not pleasant quite to thee.

BRADBURN.

Make me the leader of the Forlorn Hope,

Place me where fiercest raves the battle's roar,
But bid me not in parley to confront
Those men, whose every eye-glance, every word
Mean scorn and sneers cast on my loyalty.

SANTA ANNA.

Is that thy whole objection? Why, meseems,
Thy own confession puts thee in the wrong.

BRADBURN.

No, no, Your Excellency! 't is only hard
To reap contempt, where praise should be our harvest.

SANTA ANNA.

A wrongful charge is like an arrow's shaft
That lacks the head; it cannot harm or wound.
Hence, if nought else thou keepest back from me,
I see no reason, why not overrule
Thy weak remonstrance and insist upon
What was my first and well-considered plan.
Therefore list well to my instructions now,
Which thou must neither change nor overstep.
First thou wilt, in the name of Mexico,
Demand an unconditional surrender.
When that has been rejected, offer next
Imprisonment until the end of war
To all save the commander, William Travis,
To whom as fair inducement of surrender
Thou wilt hold out my fine estate, La Paz,

Which shall be his, beside a cash endowment.
And as they tell me that he loves thy daughter,
And she returns his love, I have no doubt
Thou wilt award thy fatherly consent
To the fulfilment of thy daughter's wish,
Thus heightening self my offer's gracious terms.

BRADBURN.

'Tis not the choice that meets with my approval,
Yet my antipathy shall not debar
The welfare of the State, when for its good
This marriage is essentially required.

SANTA ANNA.

I knew too well thy patriotism, or else
Should have been loath to forestall thy decision,
Yet should thy offer even not avail
Against the rebel's pride, there still remains
His brother's fate as means of thy persuasion;
This card, reserved till last and well applied,
Must make thy mission a complete success.
So hasten to prepare thee for thy way,
And when returned, report immediately
Thy errand's and thy skill's result to me.

[*Exit Bradburn.*]

COS.

Can it be thy intention,—speak!—to grant
Such terms of favor to a rebel-hord
Who took from us, through stealth and stratagem,

The self-same forteress, which to repossess
Costs us e'en now the lives of several hundred?
And wouldst thou feed these rogues for months and years,
At the expense of our exhausted chest?
And most of all reward that traitor Travis
With wealth and grace instead of the garotte?

SANTA ANNA.

[*Folding his hands, and devoutly casting his eyes up to heaven.*]

Such is my plan! if then my countrymen,
Justly embittered over the insurgents,
Refuse to ratify its stipulations,
And slay the men, with whom *they* made no treaty,
Thus kindly saving me a fine estate,
And our Republic quite a large expense,
I must regret it, though I cannot change it.

COS.

I understand! but, riddle of a man!
Why hast thou chosen that American
For messenger, who seems to me of all
Least suited, least trustworthy for the charge?

SANTA ANNA.

Least suited, why? His readiness of speech,
His nationality, his daughter's love
For Travis, and his diplomatic skill

Seemed reasons strong enough for choosing him.
And faithless? Ah! it needs a strong suspicion
To overthrow the record of his service.

Cos.

I fain bestow on him my confidence
In every war and emprisé save the contest
Against his former countrymen and friends.
Elsewhere so gallant,—here he is a coward;
Elsewhere so active,—here he lacks in zeal.
Hast thou forgot, that 'gainst his reputation
Still lurks the old suspicion, treacherously
To have surrendered Anahuac's Fort
Three years ago, without one single shot?
And even now he seems upon his mind
To have some plan, that scents of mystery;
For as a friend from Vera Cruz informs me,
He has transferred his bank-account abroad.

Santa Anna.

[*Eagerly.*]

He has? since when?

Cos.

The day of our departure.
But why so pensive now?

Santa Anna.

I must confess
That Bradburn's act, though little in itself,

Somewhat annoys me, since it indicates
His bold design to free him from his web
Wherein I saw and helped him evermore
To grow entangled. An American,
He enteréd our service,—a mistake
Which oft, no doubt, has brought him into conflict
With all his innate feelings. Weak enough
To suffer than courageously to free him,
He first suggested to my mind the thought
To try and show *what I can do as god.*

[*When Cos, by raising his arms in deprecation, expresses his utmost horror at Santa Anna's word, the latter continues:*]

As *spider* then! By missions like the present,
I imperceptibly have tightened more and more
My cobweb's threads around his every step,
Until my highest curiosity
Is roused to see and know where he will end.

Cos.

Beware, lest God ensnare thee self through him.

[*Exit Cos.*]

Santa Anna.

[*Uneasy.*]

This Bradburn troubles me! for if his will
Has once rebelled against his fate, why not
This time, when such a chance is given to him?

The spark of boldness lightly grows a flame.
I should *not* have employed that man; it may
Yet turn against me. Is it then so true:
We think, we rule, while we ourselves are ruled?

Scene VII.

Enters Elsie Bradburn.

Santa Anna.

Miss Elsie Bradburn? Happy I must call
The cause that led your footsteps to this tent,
For, ah! a soldier's rude and changeful life
Lets him too oft, too easily forget
Those milder feelings, gentler traits of heart
Which woman's beneficial influence
Begets and fosters in society.
'Tis hence, indeed, a blessing, when the spell
Of woman's presence melts at times the ice,
Wherewith war's chilly blast incrusts our hearts.

Elsie.

The flattering praise by which Your Excellency
Deign to extol our earthly mission's purport
Most happ'ly lightens the anxiety
Of my request, whose worthy utterance
Would otherwise have sorely tried my lips.
I crave the leave of nursing and attending
The youth on whom an evil fate has laid
The double weight of prison and disease.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Frowningly.*]

Two hundred of our faithful Mexicans
Lie sorely wounded in our hospitals.
Why not, if you incline to charity,
Extend its grateful blessings first on those,
Who fought and suffered for a righteous cause,
Than on a rebel, whose defiant pride
Captivity and wounds could not reform?

ELSIE.

That rebel is a countryman of mine,
Forsaken here, exposed to cruelty;
He is the brother of the man I love,
Whose anxious fear too well I can devine.
Should then these freely-cherished motives
Not outweigh every duty's stern regard
Imposed upon me by my father's choice?

SANTA ANNA.

A loving daughter makes her father's choice
Her own; 't is natural and—often—useful.

ELSIE.

And still there are impressed on every heart
Some holy laws which claim a precedence.

SANTA ANNA.

These laws our *wishes* oft interpret wrong.

ELSIE.

Would you not self assign your chief devotion
To God, your second to your native land?

SANTA ANNA.

That greatly will depend on what you call
Your native land. What is this Texas, speak!
A dreary waste, a desert territory
Of Mexico not worth the name of State,
With outlaws filled and refugees from justice,
The scum of the depraved society
Of the United States. And this you boast
Your native land, a penal colony?

ELSIE.

Ah! must I hear Great Santa Anna's lips
Repeat the thoughtless sentiments of men
Who prejudiced, averse to deeper search,
Judge inward Nature only from without?
I will admit that many desperadoes,
Excreted elsewhere through society
And law from kind respect and intercourse,
Have found a welcome refuge and asylum
In sparsely-settled portions of our land,
On which their crimes bestow an ill repute.
But,—while beneath the prairies' atmosphere,
So pure, so temple-like, so God-pervaded,
And 'mong their dwellers' patriarchal spirit

Their bad example cannot prove contagious,
But must pass off like vapors in the sun,—
Still they are useful, necessary here.
Brought hither by the Great Economist
That rules this universe, they are no less
Than all the good, that here reside, His tools
Wherewith He works His deep, mysterious plans.
Here to erect a grand, a noble State,
A monument to His Eternal Widom,
He needs rough stones to lay its firm foundation,
And coarse cement wherewith to bind its seams.
The worst materials are the best for this;
Without their aid no State was ever built.

SANTA ANNA.

These are quite novel theories to me;
But pray, proceed, Miss Bradburn, for I long
To hear your more than curious eulogy
Of rogues and desperadoes to the end.

ELSIE.

Virtue at rest is indolent and slow,
And needs a spur to rouse her energies;
For her regard for peace, her reverence
For law and order, her dislike to strife,
Cause often her to bear what she ought not.
It is the bad whose utter recklessness,
Whose bold defiance of authority,

First turn the Ship of State from out her course
Beneath the banner of a patriotism,
Whose pure effusion they adulterate
With the admixture of their base designs.
Woe, then, thrice woe then to the ill-starred vessel
Whose helm the hand of maddened Passion grasps,
Whose sails the breeze of Fury fills, whose course
Lies on the stormy main of Anarchy.
And happy on the other hand the ship
Whose crew of honest, stalwart patriots,
Reared in the school of true self-government
And fully conscious of their virtues' power,
Arise, suppress the wicked in their band,
And with their eyes fixed on the Polar Star
Of Liberty, with steadfast will and hand,
Direct their course through whirpools, shoals and cliffs,
Into the harbor of prosperity.

SANTA ANNA.

You quite forget another chance, meseems,
Which is of all the likeliest, to wit:

[*Very sternly.*]

When shall the rightful owner of the ship
Regain possession of his property,
And visit dire but righteous punishment
Upon your pirates' heads [*sneeringly*], both good and bad?

ELSIE.

All lies with God! but see, where we have come!
The guiding compass of my humble prayer,
Lost out of view, my lips unwittingly
Have uttered a political address,
Apt to offend thee, were it not for this:
Its *purport* was the interest of Truth,
Its *boldness* proved, that still I mean you well,
And its *excuse* of being made at all
Lies,—as you self will generously admit,
Less in my rashness than your provocation.
Aspersions thrown upon her native land,
A Texan maiden will and must refute,
E'en though it cost her freedom and her life.

SANTA ANNA.

[*With gallantry.*]

No life, no freedom! but an hour's time
Which I could scarce have passed more pleasantly.

[*Enters Cos.*]

COS.

This is the hour appointed to survey
Convenient places for the batteries,
In case we must bombard the Alamo.

SANTA ANNA.

'Tis well! I shall be out immediately.

[*Exit Cos.*]

Miss Bradburn! stern necessity demands
My presence elsewhere 'gainst my inclination.
Forgive, if I depart: as for your prayer,
We will consider it and let you know.

[*He accompanies Elsie to the door. Exit Elsie.*]

Were that a sample of a Texan maiden
My foes would seem redoubled all at once.
I hope it not; for while the wrath of man
Is like a conflagration, fierce but brief,
The hate of woman is a smouldering fire,
Imbibed through mother's milk for generations.
These Bradburns must be watched; it will not do
To nurse two serpents in our bosom's fold.

[*He taps a bell. Enters Prado.*]

PRADO.

What is Your Excellency's command?

SANTA ANNA.

Seest thou
This purse of gold? It is within thine reach.

PRADO.

How, how, Your Excellency? What must I do?

SANTA ANNA.

Spy out a way to Colonel Bradburn's tent,
And there concealed essay to overhear
Each word that he or that his daughter speaks,
And faithfully report them back to me.

PRADO.

I understand Your Excellency's command,
And forthwith haste to enter on my duty.

[*Exit Santa Anna, followed by Prado.*]

SCENE VIII.

Bradburn's tent. Bradburn appears equipped for the journey. Enters Elsie. José Prado, Santa Anna's servant, is seen protruding his head from beneath the tent-canvas.

ELSIE.

Where goest thou, father?

BRADBURN.

To the Alamo,
Whose garrison, by my commander's will,
I am to summon, that they render up
Themselves, their arms, and all the fort contains.

ELSIE.

And weenest thou a moment, that they will
Accede to thy dishonoring demand?

BRADBURN.

I cannot tell thee; the result will show.
Yet when the hopelessness of their defence,
Their isolation and impending doom,

Are clearly, sternly pointed out to them,
I doubt not but they will relent and yield.
Besides, is Travis not the fort's commander,
Whose future prospects, brotherly concern
And cherished love, if they are truly felt,
Must overbalance his defiant pride,
Whose end can only be a wretched death?

ELSIE.

A *glorious* death, which he—I know—will choose
A thousand times, ere he descends to shame.

[*Beseechingly.*]

My father! see, I know thy love for me,
A love, as true as blind and ill-advised,
Which, like the glitter of a will-o'-whisp,
Has led thee unaware but steadily
Deeper and deeper on thy erring way.
As sailors on a dangerous coast sometimes
Are lured to ruin through a glaring light,
By wicked pirates lit to imitate
A beacon-light, so has thy ill-judged love
Ensnared thy reason with deceptive power.

[*Fervidly.*]

Fall back! turn round! reverse thy life-ship's course,
Ere yet it strikes against the fatal rocks,
Ere yet the fiends, who watch with secret joy
Its fast approaching doom, leap on its deck
And feast upon the downfall of thy hopes.

Confide in me, thy child, thy truthful pilot
Who still can bring thee safely into port.

BRADBURN.

How, how?

ELSIE.

And wilt thou not reveal my secret?

BRADBURN.

No, Elsie, no! I vow it by thine love!

ELSIE.

There is a hidden passage, long forgot
It seems, by all who dwell around these parts,
Solely beknown to me, since when, as child,
I lingered here, as thou wilt still remember.
It leads from here into the Alamo,
The only port we now can safely reach.
But yet it *is* a port of patriotism,
Of fame and honor! Let us steer for it.

PRADO.

[*With subdued voice.*]

That news will pay!

BRADBURN.

But, child, the Alamo
Will soon surrender to the Mexicans.
What were our fate, if they entrapped us there?

ELSIE.

It *will* not, *can* not: Travis holds the fort,
And Texan patriots are its garrison.

BRADBURN.

Unless they yield, their doom is certain death.

ELSIE.

What if it is? So let us die with them!

BRADBURN.

Heroic child!—But let us bide our time,
Ere we select this last of remedies.
I will fulfill my mission; if it fails,
Thy way proposed lies open still to us.

ELSIE.

[*In profound despair.*]

Alas! 't will be too late.

BRADBURN.

Farewell, my child.

[*Bradburn turns to go. Then Elsie, overcome by the presentiment of an impending danger, flings her arms around his neck, and after a long embrace disappears into an adjoining part of the tent. When Bradburn and Elsie have gone, José Prado, crawling from beneath the canvas and slyly peeping around, speaks with exultation, while rubbing his hands.*]

PRADO.

Prado! thy luck is made! a minute's space
Did more for thee than all thy life-time's race.

[*Exit Prado.*]

SCENE IX.

A room in the upper story of the barracks of the Alamo. Col. Bowie (injured by a fall from the platform the day preceding the assault) is seen lying on a couch. Enter Col. Travis and Col. Crockett.

BOWIE.

Hail, brave companions, hail! Thermopylæ
Has by your valor been eclipsed to-day.
Oh! that your gallant deeds might have been seen
By the admiring gaze of humanity.
Alas! performed here in the western wild,
They will escape the writer's graphic pen!
Yet,—to have saved the land, the rising nation,
That consciousness will ever be your part.
How deeply mourn I my sinister fate
That kept me from this glorious fight away.
Still,—even to have witnessed it, what joy!
How first,—each man upon his post they fired
Deliberately into the hostile ranks,
As though it were a friendly shooting-match;

How then when scaled the foe our walls, they vied
In rushing forth with knife and bayonet
To where a head appeared above the crest,
And hurled them headlong in the yawning deep;
And how at last, almost without command,
They sallied from the gate and spread dismay
And slaughter 'mong the routed enemy;
And that, so far my eye-sight could observe,
With but the loss of one,—one single man,
Who, carried by his ardor far ahead
Before the others, sank bedecked with wounds,
And so was captured. Say, who was the man?

COL. TRAVIS.

He was my brother.

BOWIE.

What? Thy brother James?

COL. TRAVIS.

'Twas he, the true, the noble-hearted youth,
Cut down in earliest bloom, in day-spring's glow.
While on the walls he battled at my side,
Three Mexicans upon the outmost wing
Had clambered o'er the crest, and were about
To leap beneath and ope the western gate,
Whereon we two alone confronted them;
My brother took one man and so did I.
I had not fully yet dispatched my foe,

And was still kneeling o'er his prostrate form,
When gleamed,—a dizzy shadow as of death,—
The sword-blade of the third before mine eye;
One moment's faint—a sullen fall—I woke
And saw our third opponent lying dead,
And standing by with smiling, radiant face,
My brother James; no word was interchanged;
One mute but meaning pressure of the hand
Alone betokened what we thought and felt.
We hasted to rejoin our friends; the storm
Repulsed, I gave the signal for the sally,
And rushing out I lost my brother's trace.
Once only, through a break among the clouds
Of battle-dust and powder-smoke, I saw
His figure as encircled by a halo,
Far, far in our advance. I called to him.
He looking back an instant, waved his sword,
And then was lost amid the swaying crowds.
A hostile column just advancing then
Against our men, claimed all my watchfulness,
And screened my brother's fate from out my view.
Poor brother James! Upon our start from home
My mother, loath to let her darling go,
Enjoined on me his safety with these words:
"Watch o'er him as the pupil of thine eye,
And bring unharmed him back again to me,
Or else I shall despair of godly mercy!"
What shall I then on my return respond

Unto her question : "Where is James, thy brother?"
Oh ! I shall never, nevermore return ;
My fate is sealed in his ; I, too, shall die.

BRADBURN.

Despair not, faithful friend ! If he is dead,
His blood, shed in the cause of Liberty,
Will rise like incense to the heavenly throne;
Who in return will pour His comfort's balm
Into thine mother's heart with angel's voice.
But if alive, trust that thou shalt behold
His face again; for cruel though they be,
The enemy will hardly disregard
The laws of human mercy as to lay
Their hands on one so young, so fair, so brave.
Wilt thou not ascertain through flag of truce,
If he be 'mong the living or the dead ?

CROCKETT.

This was the subject which in coming here
We were discussing. Hard as it may seem,
'Twere meanwhile scarcely prudent to expose
More precious lives to Mexican revenge,
The more, as they have raised since their defeat
A jet-black flag,—I know not, if to show
That all seems black to them, or that they bear
Black marks from all the blows received through us.
The only means to mend this "casus belli,"
As we in Congress styled such knotty point,

Were at the enemy's next attack to catch
One of their officers and him to hold
As hostage subject to exchange.

TRAVIS.

I see
The force and justice of thy counseling words.
All we can do is to abide in patience,
And hopefully await the nearing crisis.

[*Enters Captain Kimble.*]

But see, who comes. What tidings, Captain Kimble?

KIMBLE.

An officer, dispatched by Santa Anna
And shielded by a flag of truce, stands waiting
Before the gate. He bears from his commander
A peaceful message which he will deliver
To thee in private, witnesses excluded.

TRAVIS.

I wish no secret dealings with the enemy;
My subalterns are equally my friends.
Though yearns my heart to know my brother's fate,
I will not list to private negotiations.

KIMBLE.

He says, unless he speak to thee in secret,
He must return with object unaccomplished.

BOWIE.

So waive for once thy honorable objection;
There is no harm in hearing what he brings.

CROCKETT.

Yes, Travis, do, for we confide in thee.

TRAVIS.

If such is your desire I will submit.

[*Addressing Captain Kimble.*]

So bring him to this room with eyes blindfolded,
But, Crockett, thou and other comrades stand
Before the door, expectant of my call.

[*Exit Kimble through a door in the rear. Crockett and Bowie, the latter on crutches, leave through a side-door.*]

SCENE X.

Col. Bradburn, with eyes blindfolded, is shown into the room by Kimble.

TRAVIS.

Remove thy bandage, man! What, Bradburn, thou?
Again thou comest in the tyrant's van
To desolate the peaceful homes, the fields
Of thine own countrymen, and to deprive them
Of rights inalienable, holy, old,

For which thine fathers shed their precious blood ?
But if thou must, why hidest thou not thy shame
Behind the minions of the tyrant's host,
Instead of coming with defiant brow
Into the midst of those, whose every glance
Must call thy sore disgrace before thy mind.

BRADBURN.

I hither come, bound by my oath and duty,
To follow which is virtue, no disgrace.
'Tis you who are at fault; you broke your faith
To Mexico's benevolent republic.

TRAVIS.

If thou call Santa Anna Mexico,
And tyranny a righteous government,
I then will not contest thy sophistry !
Therefore enough of this ! So let me know
The purpose of thine unexpected call.

BRADBURN.

His Excellency, Don Lopez Santa Anna,
Presents to thee his all-respectful greeting
And summons thee, together with thy band
Of rebels, to surrender on discretion
This fort, with all its cannon and provisions.
He will enclose in light imprisonment
Thy garrison, till peace has been restored;
But were you to continue your defence

He will not spare man, woman, child or babe,
Were he obliged to enter by assault.

TRAVIS.

Imprisonment or death? Is that the choice?
We choose the latter. Bradburn, spare thy words.

BRADBURN.

Of thee alone His Gracious Excellency
Will make exception, if thou yield to-night.
In appreciation of the gain of time
And the avoided blood which thy surrender
Confers on him, he will present to thee
An hazienda near the capital,
The finest, largest, best-tilled of the many
Which Mexico can boast of, and besides
A generous endowment paid in coin.
Will that not tempt thee, Travis?

TRAVIS.

Tempt me? No!
Thine words convey too plainly Satan's craft;
Though knave enough, thou lackest depth of cunning.

BRADBURN.

But, Travis, list! if to that weighty scale
Of golden expectations, great rewards,
I self were yet to add the greatest prize—
My daughter's—Elsie's—hand, would that not move thee?

Speak but the word: "I yield," and e'en to-night,
Instead of bomb-shell hissing through the air,
And Congreve-rockets lighting up the sky,
The joyous nuptial-torch shall be ignited
O'er thee and her: for she has come with me.

TRAVIS.

Elsie is here?—so nigh to me?—and, oh!
Whole worlds could keep no farther us apart.

BRADBURN.

Yes, she is here, within my tent, and full
Of longing expectation bides the hour
That shall restore thee to her unchanged love.
So come with me, that I may join your hands.
His Excellency, with delicate discretion,
Requires thee not to fight thy countrymen,
But will dismiss thee with thy youthful bride
To Mexico forthwith, where you may dwell
On the estate he will donate to you!
'Mid balmy air, soft as a maiden's touch,
'Mid orange-groves, dark-leaved with golden fruit,
'Mong babbling springs that leap from the Sierra's
Ice-covered summits, sparkling in the sun,
Thy barns well-stored with grain, thy stalls with cattle,
A cosey house with numerous attendants,
O'er which presides a youthful, loving wife,
What greater happiness upon this earth?

TRAVIS.

Thou paintest well: and yet thy picture fails
To mention one unpleasant visitor
That would cohabit there with me for aye,
Galling each joy, embittering every pleasure.

BRADBURN.

I know not what thou meanest, man?

TRAVIS.

Disgrace!
Disgrace before my friends and countrymen,
Disgrace before my very enemies,
And worse than all, disgrace before myself.
And if thou say that Elsie could desire
To have for husband a dishonored man,
I answer thee: a thousand times, no, no!
Thou canst not rob us of the confidence
Wherewith we trust each other, though divided.
For love and honor are the self-same thing
In every heart whose pulse throbs for the right.
True to oneself is to be true to all.
If nothing else be thy commission than
To test my strength, thou couldst have spared that trouble.
Where actions speak, words might be fitly saved.

BRADBURN.

If nought will overcome thy stubbornness,

So shudder then at what I tell thee last.
Thy brother James—

TRAVIS.

My brother? what of him?

BRADBURN.

Was captured at your sally of this morning,
And well attended to, will soon recover
His health, impaired by wounds he has received;
Yet were thine bold resistance to endure
But one more day, His Excellency has vowed,
By tortures never heard of, never seen,
To blind his eyes, to tear with red-hot tongs
His handsome, youthful form, limb after limb,
And these to hurl before the dogs and vultures.

TRAVIS.

Poor brother James! Would I were in thy stead!

BRADBURN.

Determine then! my time is nearly gone,
When bides our Chief Commander my return.

TRAVIS.

Determine what? Surrender? Ah, thou errest;
Though great the trial and grievous the temptation,
I hold this fort until my latest breath.
Torture my brother! youthful as he is,
He will not owe *his* life to *my* disgrace!

Withhold the maid I love; we better live
Apart for aye than mated with dishonor!
Assault and take this fort, kill every man;
It is for what we hither came prepared.
And lest thou think that my companions fail
To share my fortitude and fearlessness,
From their own lips thou shalt now hear the proof.

[*He goes to every door and calls without.*]

Come, Crockett, Bowie, Dickinson and Kimble,
Come hither all who hearken to my voice.

Scene XI.

Enter Crockett, Dickinson, Kimble and Bowie, the latter on his crutches, through the side-door: some volunteers from the door in the rear. Bowie, after his entrance, lies down on the couch.

Travis.

My friends! I have convened you here, that you
May likewise give your answer to the summons,
Which Santa Anna has conveyed to us
Through Colonel Bradburn here, his messenger.
'Tis his demand, that unconditionally
We render up to him this forteress.
So, David Crockett, give him thine reply!

CROCKETT.

A thousand times I have confronted death
In my own cause, in warfare hardly glorious;
And should I now by cowardice and fear
Belie the stainless record of my life,
Now when a martyr's crown, the highest prize
To which I have aspired, is in my reach?
No, Colonel Bradburn! tell thy tyrant lord
That David Crockett always has abhorred
The name of bondage from his earliest breath
And is enjoyed to prove this by his death.

BOWIE.

[*From his couch.*]

I cannot stand erect, as it were meet,
To hurl my bold defiance at thy feet;
Know then that only over Bowie's bier
Thy master e'er will hold his entry here.

KIMBLE.

Yea, we will save, our faithful swords in hand,
The cherished freedom of our native land,
Or gladly fall, with this our battle-cry:
"Free men we live, and free men we will die!"

ALL PRESENT.

Free men we live, and free men we will die!

TRAVIS.

Thou hast, I ween, received sufficient proof
What spirit's power pervades my friends and me.
So go—too long already have thy feet
Disgraced, profaned this hero-hallowed soil.
Thou, Kimble, let him through the western gate
Safely depart as first with bandaged eyes,
But that the enemy may glean the sooner
Our answer to their ignominious threats,
Thou, Dickinson, have forthwith all the cannon
Upon the south-side fired against their lines,
So that their iron messengers proclaim
With thundering tone into the tyrant's ear:
Above their lives, o'er wealth and high estate,
Americans freedom and honor rate;
We are prepared for death; now storm, now rave,
The Alamo's debris shall be our grave!"

[*All depart with the exception of Travis and Crockett.*]

SCENE XII.

Enters Major Evans.

EVANS.

I hasten to report, that Santa Anna
Was spied surveying o'er the grounds, no doubt,
To mark the places where the batteries
Shall be erected to bombard the Alamo.

Against their cannon, mortars and cohorns
Our guns, light as they are, cannot avail,
Nor will our walls for any length of time
Withstand their onslaught. What is thy command?

TRAVIS.

Nought more we can perfect in our arrangements,
And if we could, our men are too fatigued
By day-alarms and nightly toil of watching.
Their efforts must be spared, till comes the end!
God's will be done! As eve has broken in,
Relieve the guards and scouts and let the men
Whom duty not withholds, convene beneath
The chapel's strong and well-protected walls.
A holy service, brief but soul-inspiring,
Would not be out of place in our condition;
So, Evans, make this wish of mine be known
To Chaplain Smith: if ever by his speech
He swayed his listeners' hearts to do it now.
But, Crockett, thou, take my command a while;
Not having rested since the enemy came
Before the fort, I feel the want of sleep.

[*Exeunt Crockett and Evans.*]

SCENE XIII.

Colonel Travis alone.

Sleep? Can I sleep? Oh, bitter irony!
When scarce I breathe beneath the heavy burden

Of gloomy care that weighs upon my heart.
The convict in his cell may close his eyes,
The murderer, doomed to expiate his crime,
May sleep away the night, that is his last;
The usurer upon his downy pillow
May rest in slumber like an honest man,—
While the defender of his country's freedom,
The victor of to-day, craves all in vain
The boon of sleep upon his heavy heart.
And may not my resolve, my steadfastness
Prove after all a useless sacrifice?
What has the blood of all the noble Poles
Accomplished but to rivet closer still
The fettering shackles of their fatherland?
And may not here the ecstasy of freedom
Die out as quickly as it first arose,
A fire of straw, extinguished by a shower?
Or else, may not the despot's energy,
His skill, his wealth, his overwhelming numbers,
Become triumphant over patriotism,
However deeply it inspire the Texans?
For what then sacrifice those faithful men
Who, fathers, brothers and beloved sons,
Will long, ah! long be missed with tears at home?
For what endanger then my brother's life,
Whose loss will blight my mother's peace for aye?
For what then mar the tender blossom's bloom
Which at my death will droop her head and fade?

Have I a right, because *I* deem it right,
Thus to dispose o'er weal and woe of thousands?
And what perchance may be my own reward?
A rash and unsuccessful rebel's fame,
The school-boy's sneer, the tyrant's welcome proof?
Oh! where to find the right, the honest way
That leads midway these cliffs of doubt and fear
Into the haven of security?

[*He steps to the window, through which, when opened by him, the light of the moon is thrown into the room. Gazing without, he continues:*]

Oh, peaceful Night! thou grateful balm of rest
To sorrow-burdened hearts and weary eyes:
So also pour thine blessings o'er my breast
And soothe its throes, relieve its cares and sighs.
Let me not falter in this grievous test,
But make for me a polar-star arise,
A beacon-light, to guide my darkened way
And cheer my spirit by its blissful ray!

[*At this moment the hymn: "Abide with me!" intoned by the soldiers in the chapel, and accompanied by the organ, is faintly heard in the room. During the first verse Travis stands listening; when the second verse is begun, Travis, raising his arms to Heaven, speaks with the greatest ecstasy:*]

Oh, song of peace! soul-touching melody!
That like a voice of God, like angels' strain,
From heavenly realms comes floating down to me,

Restores my courage, makes me strong again,
And points my wavering heart's despondency
To Him who can alone relieve its pain!
Swell onward, till my bosom's every cell
Is thrilled beneath thy comfort's magic spell!

[*During the singing of the third verse, heard still more distinctly, Travis, covering his face with his hands, becomes absorbed in a deep reverie.*]

SCENE XIV.

Enters Dickinson in great haste.

DICKINSON.

Oh, welcome tidings! glorious, joyous news!

TRAVIS.

What is it, Dickinson? So speak, I pray!

DICKINSON.

Below, within the court-yard, stand arrayed
A band of thirty-two confederates,
Who left Gonzalez under Oldham's guidance,
Broke bravely through the hostile lines and reached
Unharmed and safe the shelter of our fort.
They bring dispatches from our Chief Commander,
They bring their own stout hearts and gallant arms
For our support, but above all they bring:

[*Enthusiastically.*]

"The Independence of the State of Texas!"

TRAVIS.

[*Trembling with joy.*]

The—Independence—of the—State—of Texas?

DICKINSON.

Pronounced by the Convention on the second.

TRAVIS.

So hurry, Dickinson, that I may hear
The joyous tidings from the men's own lips.

[*Exit Dickinson.*]

Almighty Lord in Heaven above, Thou hast
Received and heard my bosom's crying voice
Beyond what e'en my fondest wish conceived.
I begged one ray,—Thou givest me a sun;
I craved one hope,—Thou sheddest o'er my soul
A wealth of radiant assurances;
I prayed, that not quite useless were my death,
And lo! Thou crown'st my latest hours on earth
With heavenly light, with glory as of Eden!
Though parting from this world I leave behind
Friends in distress, related souls in grief,
I know that Thou, oh, Lord, wilt turn all things
Unto their best, and hence I sorrow not!
Oh! could the wavering sceptic who disputes
God's lordly power,—oh! could the atheist,
Proud in his self-assuming creed, be here,—
Upon their knees they reverently would sink,

Acknowledging that God still lives and reigns.
But I, whose way and goal are pointed out
So clearly now,—I shall no longer doubt
God's providence, but e'en exclaim in death:
"Lord, to Thy will I yield my parting breath!"

Scene XV.

Enter Col. Oldham and some of his company, introduced by Crockett and Dickinson.

Travis.

Be welcome, Colonel Oldham; welcome, men!
What leads your footsteps to this house of death?

Oldham.

The wish that now bestirs each Texan heart,
To serve the best they can their young Republic.

Travis.

Then it is true, what scarce I could believe?

Oldham.

Thou findest in these letters due assurance.

[*He hands some dispatches to Travis.*]

As sweeps a fiery blast across the prairie
Upon the pinions of a hurricane,
So spread from town to town, from farm to farm,
The joyous tidings of the Declaration
Of Texan Independence through the land.

As in the year of *Seventy-six*, when rose
Our ancestors, so here in *Thirty-six*
The aged sire, the yoeman and the youth,
Whoe'er can wield a musket or a sword,
Are seen to hasten to the gathering-place,
While on the country's altar lay the women
Their cherished jewelry and e'en their tresses.

TRAVIS.

Oh, hail this day, that yet my eyes have seen,
My ears have heard the fresh-awakened spirit
Of Liberty! Yes, Texas will be free!

OLDHAM.

She *will*, she *will*, though only through a struggle
Than which no greater saw this century.
Three thousand soldiers, well-equipped and drilled,
The grim Urrea leads from Matamoras
'Gainst Goliad, which gallant Fannin holds
With scarce four hundred of our patriots,
While Santa Anna, with twelve thousand men,
Lies here encamped, with many more to come.
For 't is his safety not to leave behind
A single man, to oust him from his power.
Yet also we are not devoid of help ;
Beside our yoemen, dwellers on our soil,
Our cause enlists a hearty sympathy
In the United States, whence many thousands
Are on their way, to join our army's ranks.

TRAVIS.

Thanks for the joy thou gavest to our hearts,
Thanks for thy zeal and aid; thy recompense
Will be to share our glorious death and fame.
While farther you commune, my friends, I now
Will read the letters from our Chief Commander.

[*Stepping aside, he opens the dispatches and reads them.*]

DICKINSON.

Pray, tell us, Colonel Oldham, now, what motive
Urged thee to venture back into this fort,
From which, if I am right, two weeks ago
Thou didst depart to reach thy distant home?

OLDHAM.

The kind reception of some friends I met
Upon my route, and—must I say?—e'en more,
An inward voice that day and night recalled
My lingering steps back to the Alamo,
Delayed my journey's progress at Gonzalez.
While so upon the eve of March the second
My friends and I lay quietly encamped
Behind the town, we saw upon the road
That leads from Anahuac to this fort,
A horseman coming in the utmost haste.
Arrived he fell, faint from his arduous ride,
Into our arms. Concealed on him we found
The Chief Commander's orders for this fort,

The Proclamation of our Independence,
And for the scattered patriots' bands the summons
To join the Army on the Colorado.
But who to bring the message to this fort,
Which as we knew, was grievously besieged?
And shall the Alamo's defenders die,
Not having shared the country's glorious joy?
"No, no!" we cried, "wherein one man would fail
There thirty-two stout bosoms will succeed."
Two wagons, spanned with fleeting horses, brought us
Into the enemy's lines, through which we dashed,
Ere yet their men had noticed our approach.

CROCKETT.

Our honor's cloak has fallen on your shoulders,
As we were wont in Congress so to say.
Yours was no breach of discipline; it was
The grandest sacrifice yet seen. But list!
His letters read, the Colonel bides our hearing.

TRAVIS.

Let forthwith all the garrison assemble
Within the court-yard, that I may address
My gallant friends on subjects of importance.

[*All leave the room.*]

Scene XVI.

Court-yard of the Alamo, where the men composing the garrison of the Alamo are assembled. Travis, stepping before them, takes his position near the flag-staff.

Travis.

My own heart's joy, too great for utterance,
I see reflected in your faces, friends,
Bespeaking radiant thoughts and glorious hopes
Of all, that, best and highest, moves and thrills
The human heart. For now we know for what
We left our work, our homesteads and our friends,
For what we seized our trusty arms, for what
We gained this morning's glorious victory,
And most of all, for what we give our lives.
Now clearly feeling, seeing this, we seem
Translated to some lofty mountain-peak,
Earth's littleness far, far below our feet,
While over us Heaven's uprolled azure-curtain
Allows us glimpses into ampler realms.
Such is the inspiration of a holy cause,
That it removes the veil of mystery
Which blinds our mortal eyes, distends our view,
And renders us in broader sphere of spirit,
Though yet on earth, akin to God our Maker.
If from His threshold such transfiguring ray
Is thrown on heroes, standing yet *without*,

How inconceivable, ah! how profound
Must be the light that welcomes them *within*.
When such a crown awaits our future state,
It is scarce needed, that I tell you now
The message I received from our Commander.
He writes, that yet his army were too weak
As to relieve us, that we should maintain
A stout defence, and that we hold this fort
Unto the last, for on our brave resistance
Were staked the welfare of our young Republic.
Where is the cheek that blanches at this task?
Where is the soldier that rejects this trust?
Where is the heart that would not gladly grasp
Such opportunity of fame immortal?
Our countrymen inheriting what we
To them have bravely vouchsafed by our sword,
Will gratefully hand down our memories
On sculptured marble to posterity,
And though in course of ages even this
Should fall, as sank from Vandal's hand the pillar
Amid the valley of Thermopylæ,
In chords triumphant later centuries
Comparingly will chant our glory thus:
"*Thermopylæ one herald had of death,*
The heroes of the Alamo had none!"*
This, this will be our glory, our reward;

* Inscription of the Alamo-Monument in the State House at Austin.

I know that none of you desires a lesser.
Yet though our earthly time draws to a close,
We will perform our duties still, as meet,
Whose is the first to pledge by holy oath
Our homage to our virgin commonwealth.

[*All raising the fore-fingers of their right hands, pronounce, with the greatest solemnity and in unison, the oath following :*]

ALL PRESENT.

We, here assembled in the face of death,
Swear true allegiance, steadfast faith and honor,
With body, heart and soul, to our Republic,
The sovereign State of Texas, and to guard
On land and sea, by day and night, her welfare
Throughout our earthly lives. So help us God !

TRAVIS.

And now to give an outward sign of this,
Our holy pledge, to God alone beknown,
I fling our country's fitly chosen flag,
The pennon of the Lone Star, to the breeze.

[*He hoists the flag of the Lone Star.*]

Lone, lone it flies by enemies surrounded,
Unfurled 'mid dangers, persecution, death,
Solely relying on the help of God
And on its people's love of Liberty !
But just as yonder radiant Star of Eve

Stands out alone amid the desert air,
Yet will, ere long, resplendent shine among
A lustrous multitude of beaming spheres,
So, let, us trust, that soon our banner's star
Will be entwined among the Twenty-four
That decorate our native Union's banner.
Meanwhile this flag of ours, when dawns the day,
Shall silently yet full of meaning's sway,
Convey the tidings to the enemy,
That 'neath its folds the Texan will be free.
So welcome then your banner by its Song,
Whom the enchanted breeze shall waft along,
Free as a bird, o'er foe and tyrant's art,
Into the shrine of every Texan heart.

[*All present now intune with the greatest enthusiasm:*]

THE HYMN OF THE LONE STAR FLAG.*

I.

There was a band, wan and forlorn,
By ceaseless toil and watching worn;
Cut off from friends and homes and world,
With shot and shell upon them hurled.
No hope was theirs of aid or flight,
Death fronted everywhere their sight.

* For the tune of this Hymn see page 245.

But faltered they? No, no, instead
They flung this banner overhead!
Flag of the Lone Star! oh, glorious sign!
Where is the banner that rivals with thine?
Baptized in heroes' blood, by martyrs unfurled,—
Flag of the Lone Star! thou pride of the world!

2.

That little band, their labors done,
Have long since passed away and gone:
Yet gallant hearts took up their cry,
And kept their standard waving high.
They battled bravely, battled long,
'Gainst whelming numbers fierce and strong,
Till Victr'y's eagle perched at last
Upon the freemen's banner-mast.
Flag of the Lone Star! oh, glorious sign!
Where is the banner that rivals with thine?
Baptized in heroes' blood, by martyrs unfurled,—
Flag of the Lone Star! thou pride of the world!

3.

Ye dwellers in the Texan land,
Forget ye not that little band!
Forget ye not the heroes' deeds
That planted once your freedom's seeds.
Oh, keep their memories bright and clear,
And sacredly their graves revere,

But more than all, that holy dower,
The flag they raised in danger's hour.
Flag of the Lone Star! oh, glorious sign!
Where is the banner that rivals with thine?
Baptized in heroes' blood, by martyrs unfurled,—
Flag of the Lone Star! thou pride of the world!

[CURTAIN.]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I

An open field in front of the Mexican camp. Colonel Bradburn returning from the Alamo.

BRADBURN.

What moves me so? what strange, what unknown thoughts
Storm in upon my heart which I had deemed
So well intrenched, so strongly fortified
'Gainst every inward, every outward voice?
Where now are all my self-invented doctrines,
That cost me years of struggle, nights of sorrow,
To raise against my conscience as barrier,
To muffle its exhorting voice, to lull
By fancied right my reason into sleep?
Where is that memorized vocabulary,
That, reinforced by well-learnt scowls and gests,

Served me so often to defend my course?
As chaff is scattered by a gust of wind,
So lightly have my schemes been blown away;
As April snows melt in the vernal sun,
So has the ice-crust o'er my innate feelings
Been loosened by the warmth of genuine manhood
When *that* confronted me, when I beheld,
How all we value most, gain, pleasure, life,
How all we shun the most, loss, pain and death,
Forfeit their meaning, lose their moving power
In sight of greater aims and real truth,—
Ah, *then!* I stood dismantled and unmasked,
Gazed deep into my bosom's void, and saw
All gone, all gone I hitherto had cherished.
But also *then* I took the stout resolve,
What little span of life is left to me,
This to employ, to store my bosom's shrine
With better treasures. But what now to *do?*
So feeling, so repenting in my heart,
Can I continue in the vassalage
Of tyranny and bloodshed and injustice?
That were no penance, that were mockery.
Or else shall I return, and go to join
My gallant brethren in the Alamo,
To fight, to die with them? That were desertion
And breach of oath, another dastard crime.
It cannot be, the more as I should leave
My daughter Elsie in the enemy's hand,

Exposed to all that vengeance may invent.
What shall I do, where progress or return
Are fraught alike with guilt or retribution?
Most wretched fate of man, that leadeth him,
Short-sighted, weak and erring, to this world,
And lets each little sin of his become
A mount of woes, that crush him by their weight,
An avalanche of pain, that buries him,
A tangled maze of errors which to tear,
He needs the strength and wisdom of a god!
There spreads the night her spangled canopy,
There goes the moon upon her radiant course,
There move the fleecy clouds in silvery light,
But, stern and mute, they have no heart for me,
No solace for my sorrow, no reply
Unto my question: [*despairingly*] "Ah! what shall I do?"

[*He sits down to meditate. Then rising energetically, he continues:*]

My course is chosen. Come what will! I *must*
Redeem my error, if to feel relieved!
Yet she, who innocent, has suffered most
Through me, her father, must not share my fate!
Hence *she* must first be saved. And here her secret
Comes to my aid, as if thus planned by God.
So hastening to her tent, I will inform her
Of my design, and, oh! [*despairingly*] take—leave—from—her.

What terrible decision !—yet I must !
Oh, Elsie ! had I listed but to thee !
[*Hopefully.*] Maybe that all may yet turn for the best;
That Santa Anna may be moved to truth
Through me, as *I* was through my hero-brethren,
Or, that returning my sincerity
By generosity, he will allow me
Hence to depart. [*Resolutely.*] Still were no less than death
To be the expiation of my wayward course,
I shall not flinch nor beg, but solace me
With that grand sentence of the Irish patriot :

" Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is, where he dies for man ! "

[*Exit Bradburn.*]

Scene II.

Santa Anna's tent. Enters Santa Anna with despatches in his hand. Later Prado ; still later, Almonte.

Santa Anna.

My scouts inform me, that the band of rebels
Assembled on the Colorado's banks
Is waxing stronger every day, and threatens
To hasten to the Alamo's relief.

And more than that, they send me a report
Of what at other times would have provoked
My merriment, but now appals my mind
With spectral fear: my scouts announce to me
The Independence of the State of Texas,
As so declared by her Convention. [*Impatiently.*] Ha!
Were but this fortress in my hands, I should
Soon overthrow their lofty aspirations,
And make the Texans free and independent
Of land and lives and fortunes. [*Violently.*] I must have
This Alamo, e'en though it clung by chains
To heaven itself. Where stays that Colonel Bradburn?

[*Enters Prado.*]

Well, Prado! in thy countenance I read:
Thou bringest me some tidings worth the hearing.

PRADO.

And so they are! The Alamo is yours,
Without so much as an assault or treaty.

SANTA ANNA.

What sayest, man! thou ravest—

PRADO.

It is so!
Concealed behind the tent of Colonel Bradburn,
I overheard a touching colloquy,
(Well apt to move me to the bitterest tears,

Had I but had the time to spare for them),
Between the father and his handsome daughter.
Upon her knees she weepingly besought him
To leave our banner and to flee with her
To what she deigned to call a port, although
In my geography it lies remote
From any ocean's coast—

SANTA ANNA.

Come to the point!
What was the port she meant!

PRADO.

The Alamo!
Since her sojourn in this vicinity,
When here she passed her tender childhood's years,
She knows a subterranean passage-way
That leads from here into the Alamo!

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

So it is true, what once an aged Padre
In Mexico has told me! would the man
Could guide us now!—But then we have a guide.

[*Aloud to Prado.*]

But tell me! was it said in that converse
Where lies the entrance to that gallery?

PRADO.

Nought, nought was said about that: they deferred

This theme's discussion until the return
Of Colonel Bradburn from the Alamo.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Handing a purse to Prado.*]

Thou hast done well! Receive thy promised fee.

PRADO.

I thank Your Excellency!
[*Aside, and holding up the purse, while Santa Anna is absorbed in meditation.*]
'Tis not as large
As when at first held out to me; but then:
Time wrinkles brows and cheeks: why not a purse?

SANTA ANNA.

Quick! summon General Almonte here.

[*Exit Prado.*]

You little thought, Miss Bradburn, when you made
Your wish beknown to me, that each your word
Gave me a stone in hand, wherewith to build
Your prison-walls, where easily enough
I shall your secret's knowledge wrest from you,
As from his hound the hunter takes his prey.
None but his equals will a lion combat,
But when on his pursuit of royal game
A mouse opposes him, then without pity
He crushes her with one stroke of his paw.

[*Enters Almonte.*]

ALMONTE.

Your Excellency have sent for me—

SANTA ANNA.

I wish
Thou would convey this message to Miss Bradburn,
That her request was ta'en in due regard,
And, nought opposing, readily is granted.
Congratulating her in my behalf
To the fulfilment of her wish, thou wilt
Without a moment's loss escort the lady
To Travis' bed in Mission of Concepcion.
Make haste, for know, that our campaign's success
Depends upon the swiftness of thy feet!

[*Exit Almonte. Santa Anna paces the room in deep meditation.*]

More, ever more, this spectre Bradburn towers
Before my mind like a foreboding ill.
Can it be possible, that while I played
The *god* to him, he played the *fool* with me?
Suspicion is of all the best accountant:
It reckons close and loses not one item.
So let us see how his account now stands:
His credit thirteen years' unblemished service,
His debit-entries many, though not large,
Whose is the first: His nationality;
The second: His surrendering Anahuac;
The third: The transfer of his property;

The fourth: His daughter's open heresy;
The last: This secret passage-way's concealment;
Sum total: Not quite equal to his credit,
Yet close enough to warrant his surveillance.

Scene III.

Enters General Cos.

Cos.

Has Bradburn from the Alamo returned?

Santa Anna.

Impatiently I bide his coming here;
The terms of the surrender may detain him.

Cos.

Thou errest; we shall have to storm the fort.

Santa Anna.

How knowest thou?

Cos.

They sent us a dispatch
Whose meaning hardly can be misconstrued:
A grim reply of cannon-balls that killed
Four men of mine exposed to their discharge.

Santa Anna.

No time must then be lost! Call out thy men
With pick and spade, to raise the batteries

Wherewith we shall bombard the Alamo.
For every hour we forfeit means a year
Of vigor added to the rebel cause.
Two hours from hence I give, when must our guns
Boom o'er this land the death-knell of the hopes
Of Texan Liberty and Independence.
Haste, haste! thy fate, our fate is staked upon
The speedy downfall of the Alamo.

[*Exit Cos. Santa Anna again paces the room in deep meditation.*]

One, one more item added to thy debit;
Bradburn! beware! thou standest at the brink
Of bankruptcy, with my revenge for sheriff.
Know'st what that means? Thou mayst as well expect
Compassion from a tiger and beseech
A serpent's tender mercy, if thou durst
Deceive and mock whom with impunity
None ever mocked. Full to the margin's brim
Thy balance is. Let it not overflow!

Scene IV.

Enters Colonel Almonte.

Santa Anna.

What now, Almonte? hast thou faithfully
Performed the mission I assigned to thee?

ALMONTE.

Your Excellency's command has been obeyed.
Miss Elsie Bradburn, at my proffered escort,
Gave her consent to go and see James Travis,
Whom now she waits upon with tender care.
O'erjoyed to see her prayer fulfilled, she charged me
At earliest opportunity to lay
Her gratitude before Your Excellency.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

Ha, ha! so birds feel grateful to the snarer
Who promises to them their favorite food.

[*Aloud.*]

'Tis well, Almonte; thou mayst go,—but wait!
Hast thou perchance in Colonel Bradburn's tent
Perceived some more or less uncommon signs
Apt to arouse thy curiosity?

ALMONTE.

None in his tent: the more his daughter's conduct
Appeared to me a riddle and surprise.

SANTA ANNA.

What was it? tell me quick!

ALMONTE.

A grievous fear
Seemed on her mind, the fear about her father,
For whose return she looked with anxious care.
But then again she could not well conceal

A secret pleasure 'neath the mask of gladness
O'er the fulfilment of her late petition.
'Twixt fear and joy so wavering, she at last
Resolved to go with me, yet not until
She had left message, that, so soon her father
Were to arrive, he should immediately
Join her at Travis' bedside. This request
She urgently once more impressed on me,
When at the Mission I took leave from her.

SANTA ANNA.

This play must end! My dignity, my peace
No longer must be jeopardized by fear
Of treachery *within* the camp, when dread
Of treachery *without* is bad enough.

[*Sitting down, he writes a few hurried lines.*]

List well to my command. Thou wilt take care
To see that Colonel Bradburn, as I ordered,
Immediately on his return to camp
Come here and enter not his tent. Then bring
Four soldiers from the guard before my door,
And entering at the signal of my bell,
Arrest John Bradburn on this warrant's charge.

[*He gives Almonte a paper. Exit Almonte.*]

Their plan was flight, and now the cunning girl
Thinks to extend it on the prisoner Travis.
As made the father Bradburn my commission
The instrument his coming to announce,

The daughter Bradburn means to make my favor
The stepping-stone for Travis' liberty.
Finely designed that plot! alas, too finely;
Its meshes tear; my coarser woof is better,
Whose iron threads and seams will last a life-time.

[*Enters Cos.*]

Cos.

The batteries are nigh ready. I have come
To herald the advent of Colonel Bradburn,
Who 'gainst thy order and express command
Was on the point of entering his tent,
When intercepted by thy aid-de-camp.

Santa Anna.

How good my timely caution! But for that
We should have lost the honor of his stay
Among us, which shall now be guaranteed
By bonds as fast as human art can make them.

Scene V.

Enters Bradburn, followed by Castrillon.

Santa Anna.

Well, Bradburn, back again at last; thy stay
Was long enough to vouchsafe good success:
When can we hold our entry in the fort?

Bradburn.

When you have slain the last of its defenders.

SANTA ANNA.

Is this—I ask—their whole reply?

BRADBURN.

It is.

SANTA ANNA.

Well, man! a school-boy's eloquence
Could have succeeded where thy art has failed.
Were not our hundred guns, our whelming numbers
Convincing arguments enough to move
The must tenacious rebel to submission?

BRADBURN.

What scares a knave stirs not a hero's blood.

SANTA ANNA.

And what of Travis? hast thou not essayed
To unnerve his resistance by thy news?

BRADBURN.

Like inaccessible to bribe and threat,
He scorned your promise and defied your vengeance.

SANTA ANNA.

But would thy daughter's promised hand not melt
His stubbornness as wax before the sun?

BRADBURN.

With nought but deep contempt he heard my offer.

SANTA ANNA.

Is that the love Miss Bradburn thinks so much of?
I doubt, if still she will appreciate it.

BRADBURN.

I know that all the more she will esteem
His fortitude and noble sacrifice.

SANTA ANNA.

Was there perchance some sign that they awaited
More lenient terms and offers of surrender?

BRADBURN.

Firm as a rock, their only expectation
Appeared a hero's death, a martyr's crown.

SANTA ANNA.

In this respect we are relieved from doubt
Which will facilitate our future course.
This to determine be our present task.
And as thy mission, Colonel Bradburn, gave
Thee an advantage over us to form
A fixed opinion, let us hear from thee
What thou consider'st as thy best advice.

BRADBURN.

Your Excellency have not misjudged my mind;
Although I fear me that my counsel will
Offend your ears and rouse your indignation.

SANTA ANNA.

Devoted service, true fidelity
Views less the wishes than the happiness
Of him who seeks advice, e'en at the pain
Of suff'ring for his kindly-given aid.
Relying on our generosity,
Which has not learnt in vain how to distinguish
The person from his office, speak thy boldest.

BRADBURN.

So be it then! and may the influence
Of Heaven inspire my tongue to touch your heart.
'T be far from me to shield or to defend
The people who conjured this insurrection
By armed resistance 'gainst the commonwealth,
The ballot's patience was their proper course.
But still I doubt, if force and violence
Be yet the best, the most appropriate means
To lead them back to their accustomed duty.

SANTA ANNA.

What other way wouldst thou commend to us?

BRADBURN.

You have asserted your authority,
And shown your power they never can defeat.
So make it known, that, if they will abandon
Their rash revolt and henceforth will abide
In peace and law, in loyalty and faith,

Their wilful acts for once will be condoned,
Their grievances relieved, their rights ensured.

SANTA ANNA.

And would our clemency and kind forbearance
Not be interpreted as fear and weakness?
Or can the dignity of our Republic
Afford to be insulted by a band
Of most ungrateful foreigners to whom
We gave the benefit of settling here?

BRADBURN.

Revenge is low in Man as well as State.

SANTA ANNA.

'Tis *justice* to restrain the bad by force.

BRADBURN.

'Tis *useful* oft to overlook a fault.

SANTA ANNA.

'Tis *wiser* oft to kill an evil's germ.

BRADBURN.

'Tis more *humane* to cure it than to kill it.

SANTA ANNA.

What warrants their obedience in the future?

BRADBURN.

Its guaranty should rather come from *you*.

SANTA ANNA.

I long to hear thee prove thy argument.

BRADBURN.

What caused this insurrection? what has filled
The heart of every honest Mexican
With sorrow and disgust? The overthrow
Of what he deemed his costliest possession,
His constitution, through your agency.
Would you behold this land restored to peace,
To rise, to flourish, render up your power
And leave your fellow-citizens to mould,
Perfect, enjoy their rights of Liberty.

SANTA ANNA.

Yes, Liberty! that is the hue and cry,
That is the cloak of rogues and demagogues,
Who 'neath the word's great meaning wish to hide
The littleness of their corrupt desires.
A nation must be *ripe* for Liberty.
Inevitably as children come to grief
When left without a guide, so will a people.
What was the former state of Mexico?
Ere I reluctantly agreed to take
Into mine hand the reins of government?
'Twas anarchy, disorder, lawlessness.
What is it now? The roads, alive before
With robber-bands, are safe for travel now,

Trade, nigh extinct, again bestirs its craft;
Our Catholic faith, almost ignored, despised,
Anew has triumphed over heresy.
So tutored, disciplined and educated,
Our people will be *free*—not otherwise.

BRADBURN.

And yet your school's first principle is this:
That one *may* do what others are forbidden.

SANTA ANNA.

That one *can* do what others can *not* do.
This is no law of mine—throughout the realm
Of nature, on the sky, upon the earth,
Uncommon strength and talent vault the bounds
By which the mean, the weak are hedged around.
As goes the radiant comet's flaming path
Athwart the planets' even orbits,—so
A great mind will not brook the narrow lists
Of every day's constraint and common usage.

BRADBURN.

This is quite true, but tell: what mind *is* great?
Is he, who mocking and despising all
That is esteemed as venerable and holy,
Lays his bold hand on mankind's choicest treasures
And desecrates its feelings' sanctuary?
Can he be great, who, like a tempest-blast,
Draws his ambition's chariot o'er the nations,

And smites them with his passion's sceptred staff?
Or is it he, who, like a vernal sun,
Emerges from the dawn of human kind,
And, rising higher, clears away the vapors
Of prejudice and error that oppress it,
By his example's genial warmth and light;
And when at last he sets, forever leaves
His radiant mem'ry's blissful evening-glow
Upon the sky of human history?

SANTA ANNA.

These are chimeras; strength and force alone
Improve mankind; what higher names than those
Of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon?

BRADBURN.

There *is* one higher still, the name of one
Who steadfast, hopeful in the greatest trials,
Achieved his country's freedom by his sword,
And having sheathed it, rendered up his power
In spite of tempting offers and requests,
But never ceased by sacrificing service
And true advice to found his country's welfare:
The first in War—in Peace—and in the hearts
Of all his countrymen—*George Washington.*

SANTA ANNA.

[*Stammering with embarrassment.*]
George Washington!—Ha, ha!—George Washington!
He is—he was—[*Abruptly.*] Cos, answer thou for me!

COS.

Forgive, I listed not.

SANTA ANNA.

Then thou, Castrillon !

CASTRILLON.

I know but little of his history.

SANTA ANNA.

[*With determination.*]

The better a reply *I* have to give.

[*He taps the bell on the table. Enters Almonte with four soldiers.*]

ALMONTE.

Arrest this man !

BRADBURN.

For what ? I pray thee, tell !

ALMONTE.

For treason, Bradburn, and disloyalty !
So list: [*Reads.*] Whereas in eighteen thirty-two
The Fort of Anahuac without cause,
Was treacherously surrendered to the foe
By its commander, Colonel Bradburn : Therefore
You are herewith empowered to arrest
Said Bradburn and to hold in durance vile
His person till adjudged by martial court.

BRADBURN.

[*Calmly.*]

That charge is false. What judge has signed the warrant?

SANTA ANNA.

That charge is true: thy lips, thy words refute
The protestations of thy innocence.

[*With scornful mockery.*]

It pains me deeply to behold a schemer
Of thy perfection overmatched, but then:
A novice will at times outwit a master.

BRADBURN.

[*Defiantly.*]

Now, tyrant! I discern thy perfidy,
Thy tiger-heart, that prompted thee to have
Thy game with me, whom long ago thou hadst
Marked out for victim of thy cruelty.
Well I deserve my fate, for I was warned.

SANTA ANNA.

[*As above.*]

Thou *seest* that *now*; we, too, though long ago,
Saw through thy mask, *saw* thy designs at treason,
Saw every step of thine.

[*Stepping close before Bradburn, with a sneer.*]

Who *saw* the best?

BRADBURN.

[*With dignity.*]

You *saw*, because you *so* designed to see!
Still you saw *wrong!* Although my inmost feelings
Long since rebelled against your tyranny,
My wicked *Will* enforced my hand and reason
Into your service with imperious lash.
For thirteen years they served you faithfully;
For thirteen years until this very day
They have unwaveringly sustained your cause;
For thirteen years they fought your *outward* battles,
Yet none of you beheld my *inward* feuds,—
How every day anew my *Heart* arose
Against my Will's tyrannical oppression,
How every day it bleedingly succumbed,
And groaned and ached with sorrow and despair.

[*Triumphantly.*]

To-day!—and not until to-day,—my Heart
Has conquered, and from its joyful shrine,
Comes up the shout of Victory and Triumph.
Roused by the sight of genuine glorious manhood,
Inspired by the thrill of heroism,
Enchanted by the words of truth that came
From the defenders of the Alamo,
My heart arose, threw off its chains and fetters,
And made me what I am—

[*Striking his breast with noble pride.*]

A Man—a Man—
A Man resolved to stand by Truth and Right,
A Man prepared for torture and for death,
A Man before whose open brow and eye

[*With the utmost defiance.*]

Thou quailest, tremblest in the height of power.
To-day—though in thy hands—I am thy master;
To-day—though in thy bonds—I am thy victor;
To-day, though none would change his lot for mine,
I would not give my lot for—tyrant!—thine.

SANTA ANNA.

[*In great rage.*]

Away with him to prison and to chains
And hold him so, witness to our success,
Until at Anahuac we arrive,
So that the scene that saw his first attempt
At treason also see his punishment.

BRADBURN.

[*Prophetically.*]

At Anahuac, sayst thou, Anahuac?
Yes, thou art right:—*that* is the judgment spot,
That is the place where will the voice of God
With thundering tone proclaim: "So far, no farther,"
That is the place where soon His hand will shake
The hour-glass in the eye of tyranny.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Ghastly pale, frantic with rage.*]

Away with him, I ordered. He annoys me.

BRADBURN.

[*Conducted from the tent by the soldiers and followed by Cos, Castrillon and Almonte, while going out, raises his arms to Heaven and calls out in a tone of heart-rending despair :*]

Oh, Elsie, Elsie ! God protect thee now !

SANTA ANNA.

[*Highly disconcerted.*]

What means that fool ?—I understood him not,
And yet his words spoiled all my pleasure's joy,
And thrilled throughout my frame with shuddering force,
While his reproach and his inane defiance
Could not affect my sensibility.
What could he mean ?—Pooh, pooh, it was the rage,
The madness of discomfiture, nought else.
So let us go and see if our converse
With her, his daughter, will succeed the better.

[*Taking his hat and sword, Santa Anna leaves the tent.*]

Scene VI.

*The Mission of Concepcion, situated near San Antonio. The stage represents on one side a narrow corridor running toward the rear and flanked on both sides by the cells, which formerly the Padres inhabited. In the rear of the corridor, where a narrow hallway joins the former at right angles, stands an altar in a niche. The front of the stage represents a plainly furnished room, with a door leading into the corridor.**

A Mexican soldier on guard paces up and down the corridor. When Santa Anna arrives, he takes his station opposite to the above-mentioned door, and presents arms.

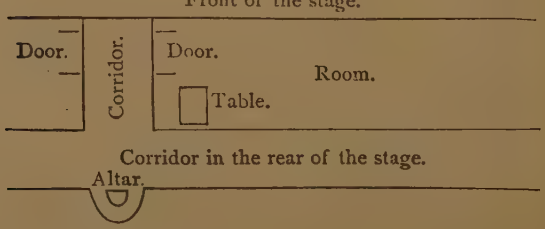
SANTA ANNA.

Art thou the sentry o'er the prisoner Travis?

SOLDIER.

I am, Your Excellency.

* Plan of the above.



SANTA ANNA.

So tell the lady
Who now attends on him, that I request
Within this room a brief converse with her.
That done, re-lock the captive's room and bring
The keys to me, in case I should desire
An interview with him; then go from hence
To notify my aid-de-camp Almonte,
Forthwith to ope the fiercest cannonade.

[*Santa Anna enters the room. The soldier, turning, unlocks the door behind him, through which he disappears.*]

So I am rid of each unpleasant witness,
And the bombardment, now to be begun,
Appropriately will lend to my request
Its force and eloquence. But hark, she comes.

SCENE VII.

Elsie, followed by the soldier, emerges from the room the latter had entered, and having crossed the hall-way, steps into the room, where Santa Anna is awaiting her. At a sign of the latter, the soldier puts the keys upon the table, standing near the door, and this done, departs to execute his General's order.

ELSIE.

Your Excellency, no doubt, have been apprised

Through General Almonte of the joy
As well as of the weight of obligation,
Bestowed upon me by your favor's grace.
Still I rejoice, that by your presence here
I am allowed so early an occasion
Self to express my thankfulness, a pleasure
Which deputies and interval of time
Will oft divest of half its value's charms.
I must confess, that after our discourse,
Revealing, as it did, the yawning gulf
That lies between our innermost convictions,
My hope was faint, to see my prayer fulfilled.
Diversity of views too oft engenders
In e'en the best, *aversion* of the heart.
It is the mark of generosity,
Of highest liberality to keep
The sentiments of heart and mind apart
And to accord its due to each of them.
Therefore allow me now to reïnforce
The weak expression of my thankfulness
By the apology for my mistake.

SANTA ANNA.

As oft a flattering gift will honor more
The donor's heart which swells with gratitude,
Unselfish, freely given, than the receiver's,
Whose merit after all is doubtful,—so
The praise, Miss Bradburn, you conferred on me

Bears witness less to *my* deserving claim
Than to the innate kindness of *your* heart.
How void of every good, how selfish then
Must be the man on whom such heart bestowed
Its highest prize, its love, but whose conceit
—As lightly as he would a worthless pebble,—
Prompts him to cast aside a costly jewel,
For which the greatest king would envy him.

ELSIE.

No doubt, 't is Travis whom your speech points out,
And who, as from your hints I may infer,
Has with contempt flung back, from where it came,
The shameless proposition to surrender
The Alamo. Grant me to say, that even,
Before my father started for the fort,
I prophesied his mission's uselessness,
As Travis never, never would surrender.

SANTA ANNA.

It is not this alone what he refused.
Though chiefly meant for our Republic's good,
My offer's liberality designed
No less *your* welfare and *your* happiness,
Since through your father I held out to him
Your hand, together with a princely dower.
My honest counsels wrecked against his pride
And stubborn will. 'T is plain, he loves you *not.*

ELSIE.

Your well-meant kindness and concern for me
Bring me more deeply still into your debt,
Although I cannot help confess to you:
If Travis had availed him of your offer,
Had proven a traitor to his country's hopes,
Your reckoning had been made without a host,
Since *my* consent you *never* would have gained.
But why converse of things impossible,
As Travis never will disgrace him so?
His very love for me, inseparably
Blent with his honor and his zeal for freedom,
Has caused him to reject your proffered terms.
So blame him not. Though nothing can enhance
My love for him, his present fortitude

[*Fervidly.*]

Nigh tempts me to adore him like a god.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

Our first assault, I see, has been repulsed,
The better then our second may succeed.

[*At this moment the dull reports of cannon, indicating the commencement of the bombardment, are heard in the distance. Elsie becomes profoundly excited.*

[*Aloud.*]

Hear you those guns? they mean your lover's death,

The overthrow of all your earthly hopes;
For hardly can the forteress long resist
Our cannon-balls' persuasive arguments.
And still, Miss Bradburn, still it lies with you,
By one, *one* single utterance of your lips
To hush those deadly thunders into silence,
And vouchsafe all the benefits of life
To the defenders of the Alamo.

ELSIE.

A word from me? Oh, tell! how I can save them?

SANTA ANNA.

I am informed, you know a hidden way,
—Yes, yes, you know,—I read it in your eye—
That underground leads to the Alamo.

ELSIE.

[*Nobly.*]

Has Santa Anna's height and grandeur stooped
To low and despicable spionage,
Then I, weak woman as I am, will not
Descend to falsehood—Yes, I know the way.

SANTA ANNA.

For reasons of the State and Strategy
Man oft is forced to condescend to means
He loathes to employ in private life.

ELSIE.

Heaven then forefend to be a man of State.

SANTA ANNA.

To save the terrors of the cannonade,
The bloodshed of the storm, the loss of time,
We *must* possess your secret. To reward
Your revelation, I agree to grant
The self-same terms and offers of surrender
As hitherto I offered to the rebels.
Madmen they were, if seeing them astride
On a volcano's brink, whose fiery womb
Is pregnant with the threats of instant death,
They still persisted to reject my offer.

ELSIE.

You are deceived; no form, no garb of death,
Save that of shame, has terrors for the brave.
But why again discuss a likelihood
Whose call to life *my* stout resolve precludes?
You ask me to reveal the hidden way:
My only answer is: I never *shall*.

SANTA ANNA.

Not even to redeem your lover's life?

ELSIE.

Not even to redeem my lover's life.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

The second time my scheme has failed, but wait:
I have some better cards still in reserve.

[*Aloud.*]

Misfortunes hunt in company—so says
The proverb, Lady Bradburn; hence defend
Your mind with fortitude—

ELSIE.

[*Interrupting him.*]

What must I hear?

SANTA ANNA.

[*Continuing his speech.*]

And let not rest your undeserved displeasure
On the unwilling bearer of the news.

ELSIE.

Oh, pray! relieve me of my dread suspense.

SANTA ANNA.

So hear! By orders sent from Mexico,
On evidence obtained I know not how,
Your father stands committed to arrest,
Arraigned for treason and disloyalty.

ELSIE.

That charge is false—false as a gem of paste.
No subject was so truly, ah! so blindly

Devoted to the service of your State.
Oh, father! why, *why* wouldst thou not receive
Thy daughter's warning voice, her fervid prayer,
Three years, ah, e'en three *hours* ago? Now lies
The glorious city of thy golden dreams
Invaded, conquered, pillaged and destroyed,
While I, thy daughter, must, Cassandra-like,
Roam wailingly the ruins of thy Troy.

SANTA ANNA.

I self am bound to say, that hitherto
My credence in your father's loyalty
Has been as firm as your belief; and loath
To do him wrong, I have delayed the order
For his arrest, till when on his return
A while ago his words, ah! proved too well
Of his conversion to the rebel-cause,
So openly he spake in its behalf.

ELSIE.

[*Suddenly transgressing from deepest despair to highest joy.*]

He has? My father has? Deceive me not!
He has defended Freedom's rights, you say?

SANTA ANNA.

No rebel steeped in disaffection's venom
Could have pronounced a more seditious speech
To shock our outraged ears, than he!

ELSIE.

[*With great fervor.*]

Oh, joy!
Oh, sunny glimpse upon my mistwrapt sky!
Oh, star of hope amid my woeful night!
Faint though thou be, I bless thy welcome light!

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

My game—I fear me—has gone wrong again.

[*Aloud.*]

Our laws 'gainst treason are severe and harsh,
And one important service can alone
Unfasten Colonel Bradburn's prison-door,
If would his daughter's love, as duty-bound,
Off-set her father's clearly-proven guilt
By parting with her secret's treasured knowledge.

ELSIE.

And she will not—*not*—NOT! though all of you,
Though all the world hissed her with cries of shame,
E'en though her father, struggling on his knees,
Craved from her lips the mercy of his life.
A thousand years I gladly would endure
—Could it be done—for him the dungeon's curse,
A thousand times I fain would undergo
For him the pangs of death; but never shall
My country's weal and woe be jeopardized

To remedy his sad mistake. Therefore
I pray, forbear to tempt me more; my choice
Is made: my country's fate before my father's.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Aside.*]

That trump is gone! now for my fourth and last.

[*Aloud.*]

Miss Bradburn! all to whom I have referred,
Although endeared to you by Nature's bonds
Or choice of love, are others than yourself.
But when you now arrive to contemplate
Your own forlorn and unsafe station here,
How you, without protectors, without friends,
A self-confessèd enemy of ours,
Are compassed round by strangers and by foes,—
Will you then not take pity on yourself?

ELSIE.

What I have prized and cherished most of all,
My father, lover and my native land,
Already are or soon will be your prey.
What else on earth is left to me? My life?
Oh, take it from me, and my dying breath
Shall thank the hand that rid me of its burden.

SANTA ANNA.

Is e'en in peace a lonely woman's fate
Exposed to danger, how the more in war?

Whose fiery breath fans every passion's flame,
Whose very spirit fosters violence.
Where lends the name of foe a welcome pretext
To every crime, to robbery and rape,
Where oft the reins of rigid discipline
Must purposely be slackened to incite
The animal propensities of man,—
A woman, void of every guardian's care,
A woman, known to be an enemy,
Inevitably must fall a luckless victim
To wicked lust—

ELSIE.

[*Falls on her knees, and imploringly holds up her hands.*]

Oh, spare my womanhood!

SANTA ANNA.

[*Continuing his speech.*]

And be the abject property of all!

ELSIE.

[*Struggling on her knees.*]

Knave! Fiend! now first THOU stand'st revealed to me
In thy true light! Hast thou no fear of Heaven,
Of retribution in the Life hereafter?

SANTA ANNA.

[*Sneeringly.*]

That knave, that fiend rejoices in his power,
And mocks the scorn of idle impotence,

The more so, as his conscience fain acquits him
Of guilt incurred for purposes of State.
But, Lady Bradburn, are you ready now
Your secret to reveal?

ELSIE.

[*Who all this time has been lying as in a swoon.*]

[*Faintly.*] I will, I will!

SANTA ANNA.

That is a word as pleases me to hear,
And proves that Reason, from her seat dethroned
By momentary self-forgetfulness
In visionary illusions, has resumed
Her wonted place and wields again her power;
To tell the truth, it is what I expected
When I came hither, for I *know* too well
The practical and innate common-sense
Of all that hail from the United States.

[*He bows to lift Elsie up. She, in the act of rising, with a quick move, draws the sword-blade from Santa Anna's scabbard, and raises it on high, while Santa Anna, covering his eyes with his hands, reels back in utter dismay.*]

ELSIE.

[*With the utmost contempt.*] Thou *knowest*, tyrant?
[*Triumphantly.*] No, thou knowest NOT!

How e'en the tiny worm is given a sting
For sore distress, a weapon of defence,
Which, weak and harmless though it even be,
Kind Nature's hand, protectress of us all,
Will help him aim and guide with deadly dart
'Gainst the Achilles-heel of his tormentor—

[*As above.*]

Thou *knowest*, tyrant? No, thou knowest NOT,
How Faith and lamb-like Patience meekly bow
To every hardship, every sacrifice,
Enduring pangs of body and of soul,
But also rise with more than giant's strength,
With all-regardless, all-renouncing power,
When, outraged in their holy sanctuary,
Their feelings blend in one impassionate flame—

[*As above.*]

Thou *knowest*, tyrant? No, thou knowest NOT,
How woman, tender woman, under tears,
Shed in her closet's silence, under prayers,
O'erheard by none save God, will long defer
To break the hallowed peace of her reserve,
To lay her bosom's tender feelings ope
To chilly blasts of worldly sneer and scorn,
But when at last confronted by the choice,
The fiendish choice, 'twixt virtue and disgrace,
Will fling aside the fetters of her doubts,
Shake off the shackles of her self-restraint,

And like a lioness, of her off-spring robbed,
Unheeding wounds and death, obey alone
The holy law of Nature: Self-defence!

[*With sublimity.*]

All this thou knowest *not*,—wilt never know,
As not for thee this wisdom's fountains flow,
As not for thee this comfort's breezes blow,
As not for thee these blessings bloom and grow.
A lonesome, arid desert is thy breast,
Whom parching, withering fervors keep opprest,
Whom poisonous winds, fierce hurricanes infest,
Whom scares the mocking mirage from its rest.
The pleasing change of hue and sound and light
Whose seasons make the pious heart's delight,
Refreshes not thy passion's dreary sight,—
THY only change comes through the EARTHQUAKE'S might!
Yea! tremble, man! thy earthquake is at hand,
When outraged Nature, rising fierce and grand,
With one accord will wreck what thou hast planned,
And wipe thy labors' vestige from the land!
All save thy name! that, that alone shall last,
And like a stranded vessel's towering mast,
Shall overtop the billows of the Past,
A warning voice 'gainst wild Ambition's blast.

[*Taking the keys from the table, Elsie, Santa Anna's sword in hand, leaves the room, which she locks behind her. Crossing the corridor, she unlocks the room in which*

James Travis lies, and standing at the threshold, calls out to him :]

Awake, James Travis! rise and follow me!
My hand shall guide thy steps to liberty!

[*James Travis, wearing still the bandages round his head, comes from his room and stands like one overcome by a trance.*]

JAMES TRAVIS.

Angel! that soothed my fever's agony,
Where'er thou leadest me, I follow thee!

[*While Elsie and James Travis are proceeding to the rear of the corridor, Santa Anna, hitherto lost in a faint stupor, starts for the door, which he tries in vain to force open.*]

SANTA ANNA.

[*With violence.*]

Confound these monks! what they have built, withstands
The wear of times and strength of stoutest hands.

[*While Santa Anna, in the meantime, looks for another way of egress, Elsie and J. Travis reach the altar in the back-ground of the corridor. Standing behind it,*]

ELSIE.

[*Calls out :*]

Here is the entrance to the corridor
That leads the way to Freedom's hallowed shore.

Father! forgive me, if I leave thee now,
My own defence absolves me from my vow.
My sole protection now lies,—where I go,—
With William Travis in the Alamo.

[*Having raised the altar-cloth, Elsie and James Travis disappear beneath it. Santa Anna, finding his efforts unavailing, resigns himself to his fate.*]

SANTA ANNA.

Curse, curse on every mercy-tempered deed;
It carries in itself its failure's seed!
Curse, curse on each concession to regards
Of sex and worldly usage; it discards
Half of the spirit's energy and power,
And lowers the bold to creatures of the hour.
If thou *must* be a devil, be it whole,
Or else give up thy aspiration's goal.
But list! a step! it is the sentinel!

[*Knocking against the door, he calls aloud:*]

Quick! ope the door, unlock my prison-cell!

[*The soldier is seen coming through the corridor.*]

Haste, haste thee, man! thy blood, thy life shall pay
For every moment lost through thy delay!

[*The soldier takes the keys from the door where Elsie had left them and unlocks the room in which Santa Anna is. The latter exclaims eagerly:*]

Where are they, speak?

SOLDIER.

Whom mean Your Excellency?

SANTA ANNA.

The girl!—thy prisoner!—they are gone and free.

SOLDIER.

None, none I saw.

SANTA ANNA.

Then look and search about,
While I arouse the camp entire to scout
All o'er the neighborhood with man and hound;
The fugitives!—they must, they *must* be found!

[*Santa Anna starts to go, slowly followed by the soldier.*]

SOLDIER.

Your Excellency have left your sword behind;
Shall I return to find it?

SANTA ANNA.

Never mind.

[*Suddenly turning and collaring the soldier with frantic rage.*]

Rogue! Knave! Choke down into thy throat the word
Thou spakest just! for in it I have heard
The sneers of ages and the scoffing voice
Of generations, as their hearts rejoice
O'er my defeat! [*Roaring.*] Hast heard what I have said?

SOLDIER.

[*Gasping for breath.*]

Yes, yes!

[*Santa Anna unloosens his grasp and goes away.*]

His Excellency has sure gone mad!

[*Exit soldier.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Chapel of the Alamo, darkened but illuminated from without by the glare of the rockets, indicating the bombardment. The divine service, held there for the last time, is just being concluded by the soldiers, who, lying on their knees, intune the

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.*

1.

Forsake me not! when shadows lie around me,
When Night and Darkness everywhere hold bound me,
When peril's gloom has fallen to my lot:
Thou Fount of Light! *Forsake, forsake me not!*

2.

Forsake me not! when tempest-clouds assemble,
And cause the ground beneath my feet to tremble,
When round me raves the battle fierce and hot:
Offspring of Peace! *Forsake, forsake me not!*

* For the tune of this Hymn see page 245.

3.

Forsake me not! when thunders rumble o'er me,
When lightnings send their quivering darts to gore me,
When round me hiss the bolts of shell and shot:
Thou Haven of Rest! *Forsake, forsake me not!*

4.

Forsake me not! Oh, God of my abidance,
Into Thine hand, child-like, I trust my guidance,
When smit to death, I lie on dreary spot:
God of my Hope! *Forsake, forsake me not!*

[*The hymn having been concluded, there reigns a profound silence for a brief time, during which the soldiers, still on their knees, are absorbed in prayer. Then the meeting breaks up. Travis and Crockett come to the foreground, where Bowie lies on a couch, while the volunteers take leave from each other, or look after their arms.*]

BOWIE.

What are thy dispositions for the storm?

TRAVIS.

Alas! they are but few! The bayonet
Remains our last resort, since our supply
Of lead and iron, wherewith we might perhaps
Still have repelled the enemy's assault,
Has been exhausted in the fort's defence.
The powder's store alone has still remained

A steady friend in our misfortunes: *this*
Ignited by thine hand, who canst not join
Our last exploit, shall light our way to heaven.

BOWIE.

Thanks, Travis! that thy tender thoughtfulness
Assigned to me, disabled as I am,
This office in the Alamo's defence.

TRAVIS.

By my command the channels have been laid
Through which the fiery element shall crawl
With lightning's speed, and leave no stone unturned;
None save this chapel! Towering o'er the ruins,
It be the likeness of our destiny,
That testifies with silent eloquence:
As it survives the Alamo's debris,
So shall our fame outlive our overthrow.

[*Enters Major Evans.*]

EVANS.

The Alamo lies open to the foe:
The northern side has fallen, and the eastern gate
Is swaying more and more with every shot.
Our faithful walls, which long withstood, at last
Have bowed their heads and sunk as heroes sink.
To us is left to follow their example.

TRAVIS.

Yes, valiant friend! that is what we shall do.

So soon I have addressed our men once more,
Thou, Crockett, wilt conduct them hence, while I
Confer a while with Bowie yet and Smith.

[*Turning to the men, who fall into order, he addresses them:*]

The hour has dawned on us, my faithful comrades,
When we must stride to our last earthly task.
Our walls have sunk that spread their shielding arms
Around this sanctuary of Liberty.
Shall then her sacred fane lie ope and bare
To the profaning hand of Tyranny?
No, no! as we have sworn, so let our *lives*
Be Freedom's bulwark, Freedom's forteress
Whose fosse our opened veins shall fill with blood,
Whose circling ramparts shall our bodies link,
Whose garrison shall be our fearless hearts.
Yet ere we leave this hallowed chapel-shrine,
Whose walls alone have heard our vows and prayers,
Whose eyes alone have seen our gallant deeds,
Let us embody with its time-worn shrine
The record of our joyful sacrifice,
Of our devotion to the cause we cherish,—
Yet not by writ or perishable stones,
Or any signs, that may the hand of Time
Efface or crumble; Immortality
Can only be adorned by things spiritual.
As longest in our memory abides

The last word from some dear departing friend,
So leave as keepsake to these chapel-walls,
That hitherto so kindly sheltered us,
Your song whereby they may remember you.

[*He henceforth speaks with a deep inspiration, which, ever rising, culminates in his last word:*]

Here it will linger, spirit of this place,
Wandering and whispering through its alley-ways,
A melody, as when the vernal breeze
Plays 'mid the branches of the new-leaved trees,
As when Æolian harps, suspended there,
Reëcho from the Westwind's sighing air.
Then oft some idle passer-by, in wonder
About these notes, will shake his head and ponder;
Then oft some tender maiden, when she hears
These whisper-sounds, will feel some pearly tears
Well from her silken lashes—till *one day*
Upon his life's uncertain, checkered way,
A swain will seat him there, a minstrel-bard,
Scarce knowing what should here his feet retard.
His lyre, his only friend, his only wealth,
Rests in his hand; then floats, as if by stealth,
Our song around him. See! he starts! he lists!
His spirit pierces through the secret's mists,
His hearing, deaf to wordly lore and noise,
But tutored well to Nature's inward voice,
Has caught our song; e'en then on fluttering wing
It trembles o'er his lyre from string to string;

Confined no longer to this chapel-cell,
It rises in the air, it breaks its spell,
It spreads its wings for ever bolder flight,
To ever greater height and deeper light;
Till now,—as swells the wave from southern pole,
As thunders through the airy spaces roll,
As forest-brooks leap o'er their rocky steeps,
As o'er the plain the roaring tempest sweeps,
So loud, so wide, so mighty and so free,
Through every race, through every century,
Is borne our fame and glory—borne along
Upon the pinions of our hero-song,
Which from your lips the last time now will flow
"*The glorious Anthem of the Alamo!*"

[*All present now intune*]

THE ANTHEM OF THE ALAMO.*

1.

When o'er our land the War-cloud drew
And loudly Freedom's trumpet blew,
We rushed to arms, resolved to be
A citadel 'gainst Tyranny:
Hence fear thee not, dear Texan Land,
Thy safety lies in trusty hand;
For firm will stand 'gainst every foe
Thy Vanguard of the Alamo!

* For the tune of this Hymn see page 245.

2.

And now the Tempest sweeps the land
With bloody sword and fiery brand;
Yet, nought dismayed, the storm we brave,
And check the onslaught of his wave:
Hence fear thee not, dear Texan Land,
Thy safety lies in trusty hand;
For firm will stand 'gainst every foe
Thy Vanguard of the Alamo!

3.

Our task is done: the enemy's might
Is crippled by our gallant fight,
And the example we have set
Thy sons not lightly will forget:
Hence fear thee not, dear Texan Land,
Thy safety lies in trusty hand,
E'en though the foe should overthrow
Thy Vanguard of the Alamo!

4.

And when—all danger overpast—
Proud Vict'ry smiles on thee at last,
When laurel-twined, young, fair and strong,
Thou stand'st thy sister-states among:
Forget thou not, dear Texan Land,
The grave-mounds of our little band,
But gladden through thy trumpets' blow
Thy Vanguard of the Alamo!

[CURTAIN.]

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Santa Anna's tent. Santa Anna, asleep on a couch. José Prado, holding Santa Anna's watch in his hand, stands near him. Enters Duque.

DUQUE.

Where is His Excellency?

PRADO.

[*Motioning to Duque to speak low, and leading him to the corner farthest remote from Santa Anna's couch.*]

Hush, hush! he sleeps.

DUQUE.

[*Henceforth speaking in whispers.*]

Then wake him, for I must report to him.

PRADO.

Is your report then of so urgent nature?

DUQUE.

It is. Since twelve o'clock my men have searched
To find the least trace of the fugitives.
All fruitless—as if wafted in the air,
As if engulfed by an abyss that closed
Immediately its yawning gulf again,

So trackless they have vanished out of sight
And left us nought but soreness and fatigue.

PRADO.

Unlucky news comes alway soon enough;
Why then allow its gloomy pinions' beat
To scare away the blessed boon of sleep?

DUQUE.

My men are ordered to participate
In the attack; they ought to be recalled
From fruitless efforts to restore their strength
For the assault by brief repose at least.
That is the purport of my coming here.

PRADO.

I dare not rouse His Excellency before
The time he set, still fifteen minutes hence.
His angry mood, swelled by the disappointment
Of your report and loss of soothing sleep,
Would magnify my little breach of order
Into a crime, whose penalty were death.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Moving restlessly on his couch, and speaking aloud in his sleep.*]

Where leadest me?

DUQUE.

He wakes.

PRADO.

No, no, he dreams,
For he is wont to speak aloud in sleep.

SANTA ANNA.

[*With a hollow voice and movements of his body, which reflect the horrors of his dream.*]

What dreary region hast thou brought me to?
My erring eye roams, like a wanderer
Who lost his way, with painful, insane glance
Across the desert waste, and vainly seeks
A house, a tree, a hill to rest upon
'Mid this immense and dread monotony.
The yellow sands, commixed with glistening gold,
Which, scarce elsewhere and deeply hidden, here
With mockery offers to the crazéd traveler,
Dying with thirst, its kernels for refreshment,
Send flashing shocks of fever-heated pain
Throughout my frame, as if below the ground,
Thin like a sheet, there lay a glowing oven.
And, oh! these sunlight-fervors! how my brain
Reels, boils and bakes beneath their fiery power;
How through my swollen veins I feel my blood
Seethe like a stream of liquid metal ore!—
Has come the Day of Judgment, speak! my guide?
Woe, woe to me! he left me here alone
Amid this desert: I must die with thirst.
My wealth, my might for one, *one* drop of water!—

'T is all in vain !—but no, there, over there
A hollow lies—a glen—a deep ravine—
There runs a brook ; quick, quick, ere burst my veins.
E'en now I can behold the sun's reflex
Upon its waters; onward, ever onward !—
Ah !—it is blood,—red blood, red human blood
Whose purple tide rolls shattered limbs and skulls
And glaring weapons from a battle-field.
How they do toss and strive, these ghastly bones,
As if the combat's wrath were still in them !
There floats a snow-white arm; how it extends
Its fingers ! ah ! it grasps, it seizes me;
Away from out these horrors' sight, away !

DUQUE.

I pray thee, wake him: e'en to hear his dream,
To see him writhe, congeals my blood with terror.

PRADO.

I cannot, will I not incur his wrath;
He oft dreams so. See, he begins anew.

SANTA ANNA.

[*Laboring under still more violent convulsions than before.*]

Ha ! still I live ! What change in me and nature !
Instead of stifling heat, as erst, now creeps
An icy chill through every limb of mine,
While over me a midnight-blackness veils

The burning sky and blinds the sunlight's blaze.
A hurricane it is, a Texan Norther:
What roar of awe comes from the giant's mouth,
How toss his skirts, how writhe his hands and arms
To grasp the earth and me in his embrace.
A sulphurous scent and smoke of burning towns
Is wafted in his suffocating breath.
Only too true my fear has proved; there, there
On the horizon's marge ascends a cloud,
Which, like the Milky Way upon the sky,
And like the Gulf-Stream's current, holds apart
In hue, velocity and temperature,
Its blood-red tide amid that jet-black main.
Nearer and nearer swells that avalanche
Its waves of fiery glare and gloomy mist;
But woe ! the vapors are the trailing skirts
Of shadows swimming in the upper air,
Which, as they pass my zenith, more and more
Assume the ghastly likenesses of men,
Dark-featured, frowning, haggard, livid, pale,
Bedecked with gaping wounds and bloody gore,
And mingled with them prisoners hung with chains,
Which, going by, they clang into my ears,
And headless figures, warrants in their hands,
Which savagely they shake before mine eyes,—
While midway through the dismal train and borne
Upon the pinions of that flaming stripe,
There sweeps a file of women, wan with fear,

Crazed with despair, with hollow cheeks and eyes,
Babes on their arms and children at their side,
Pointing their long, thin fingers down at me.
Oh, oh! were but the grim procession o'er!

[*Joyfully.*]

It is, it is! there flashes from beneath
The storm-cloud's folds the first ray of the sun.
Another, still another. [*With ecstasy.*] Welcome, Light!
But can this really be the sun? Oh, no!
[*With horror.*] The bright reflex of lightning-bolts it is,
Which, starting from an unseen, far-off height,
Grow every moment more in glare and strength
And pierce the massive curtain of the storm.
Distinct before, their flashes now are blent,
And cross each other's pathways here and there;
The thunder's voice, erst by the tempest drowned,
Now shakes the very ground by constant roar.
And nigher still sinks down the fiery orb
Whence flow those lightning-bolts,—their source
A golden chariot's red-hot wheels, whose spokes
Whirl through the blinding light their fiery rounds,
And from the chariot wave the ample robes
Of One whose form and face are veiled from me
'Mid all the brilliancy, that dims my sight;
Not so His will; for unrolled from His hand
A radiant scroll floats downward evermore,
Emblazed with fiery signs. Not yet I can
Discern them:—Now I can—the strange inscription

Reads: *Mene,—Mene,—Tekel—Upharsin!* *
Where have I heard, where have I seen these words?
So let me think! Think? Woe! I cannot think;

[*With the utmost horror.*]

My brain is dizzed by agony of dread,
As stands that igneous ball above my head,
While swinging round that hurricane engirds
The dazzling centre with its black-red skirts,
And now from that corona 'mid the skies
A thousand fingers point,—a thousand eyes
Glare down at me, mute, yet how eloquent!
But what is that?—round me the earth is rent
By unseen hand—ah! it has come,—no doubt,—
The earthquake Elsie Bradburn spoke about,—
The ground below me shakes—it opes—I gaze,
Oh, horror! deep into a fiery blaze,—
Its flames lick up, [*he holds his arm above him, as if to shield him,*] and now from overhead
A quivering flash—I sink—I fall— [*With a death-like gurgle.*] Dead—dead!

[*He falls from the couch. Duque and Prado run to his assistance, and raise him to a sitting position. His eyes stare from their sockets, his cheeks are ghastly pale.*]

PRADO.

Awake, Your Excellency! 't was but a dream!

* Daniel V. 25.

SANTA ANNA.

A dream? A phantom? No reality?

[*Shaking himself, he jumps to his feet.*]

Then Santa Anna is a man again!
Let me but feel my blood course through my veins,
Let but my will control my nerves and powers,
And I defy your spells, your whispered threats,
Ye shadowy spirits from the Land of Dreams,
Who like hyenas of the desert creep
Into the camp-ground of our slumbering souls,
But flee dismayed and cowardly, when, roused,
We hold our reason's fire-brand to your eyes.
What is the hour?

PRADO.

Not far from two.

SANTA ANNA.

Then go
And call my Generals. What wilt thou, Duque?

[*Exit Prado.*]

DUQUE.

I come to make report, that fruitlessly
My men have searched since midnight to detect
The faintest vestige of the fugitives.

SANTA ANNA.

Recall thy men and show us, if they do
As blood-hounds better than they did as pointers.

[*Exit Duque.*]

So after all that girl has baffled me,

Whom with impunity no man has mocked!
It serves me right, since I let gallantry,
The frailest of all frailties, turn aside
For e'en one moment my established way.
Might is a two-edged knife; when used in earnest,
It wounds two foes;—but when in play, thyself.

[*Here enter Cos, Castrillon and Almonte.*]

The fugitives have not been found, I hear;
Be it decided then to storm the fort
At break of day, two hours from hence. Meanwhile
Let for some time the cannonade proceed
As the courier that heralds our advent.
Of this, thou, Cos! take charge as hitherto;
Castrillon, thou wilt lead in the assault,
While to thy task, Almonte, it will fall
To take that traitor Bradburn where he can
Best see the downfall of his rebel-friends.
For battle-cry I chose my favorite word,
Whose stirring call has oft accompanied
My banner to success and fame: "Deguello!
No quarter given! no mercy asked or shown!"
We have no time to spare for guarding captives
For lengthy trials, for painful executions:
A prudent man completes his task at once.
So, Generals, depart ye hence and go
To tell your gallant men, that Mexico
Expects to-day to hear the overthrow
And glorious conquest of the Alamo. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Chapel of the Alamo. Colonel Wm. Travis and Chaplain Smith standing near the altar.

Travis.

One, one more word! my last, my last to thee!
Thy post, dear friend, is at this holy altar,
Not in the battle's van. Thou, thou alone,
If spares the foe thy life, respects thy garb,
Must outlive our destruction and become
The messenger of our Thermopylæ!

Smith.

Oh, Travis! let me fight and die with thee!

Travis.

No, Reverend Sir! a higher duty still
More painful, more exalted far than ours,
Devolves on thee. *Our* trial will be brief;
A minute's pang, scarce felt and we are gone,
While *thine* will be a task of life-long grief.
By virtue of my office I command thee
To spare no pains, fear neither scorn nor death,
So as to gain a Christian sepulture
For our remains from the victorious foe.
Mark well the spot where we are laid at rest,
That it become a fane of pilgrimage
To grateful and admiring patriots,

Who, when the trumpet-blast of victory
Hath sounded o'er our graves, will come to them
With holy awe, as if they were inscribed
With that most glorious epitaph of old :
"Siste, viator, an heroem calcas :
Stop, wand'rer, else thou treadest on a hero!"
And as none else but thou alone wilt be
The last defender of the Alamo,
So, too, defend by writ and speech our cause
Hereafter, when our memory is assailed
By slanderous and infamous detraction.
This my behest to thee as thy commander,
To which as friend I add this humble prayer:
So soon thou canst, to hand this note of mine
To Elsie Bradburn, where she ever be,
To tell her, that my bosom's latest throb
Will beat for her, that with her name endeared
Upon my lips, my soul will soar to heaven.
Wilt, friend, thou promise to fulfill these trusts?

SMITH.

I will, I will! Oh, Travis, what a parting!

TRAVIS.

Thanks, thanks, my friend! And now all earthly tasks
Attended to, farewell, until we meet
Before the throne of God in Heaven above.

[*Travis embraces Smith with mute emotion. Suddenly he tears himself from the Chaplain's arms, and with his*

head bowed to the ground, he speaks in breathless whispers :]

Hark, hark ! Hast thou not heard this floor beneath
Some hasting footsteps ?—There they are again—
A secret passage-way must lie below—
E'en now the sounds come nearer, ever nearer,—
Are they the feet of friends, of enemies ?—
They come up here—they mount a hidden stair—
They raise a trap-door 'neath the altar-cloth—
What means this mystery ? who can they be ?

[*Motioning Smith to the chapel-door, Travis takes his position behind the altar, the sword in his right and the cocked pistol in his left, leveling it at the altar. The cloth with which the latter is covered is suddenly thrown back, and from beneath it Elsie and James Travis emerge. When Colonel Travis beholds them, he drops both sword and pistol, and with outspread arms rushes into their embrace.*]

Scene III.

Colonel Wm. Travis—Elsie—James Travis—Chaplain Smith. The latter remains standing at the door, where with mute delight he overhears the conversation of the above.

Col. Wm. Travis.

Oh, Elsie, Elsie ! Oh, my brother James !
How can it be ? It is a vision's dream !

ELSIE.

[*Lying in his embrace.*]

No, Travis, no ! it is no phantom's spell.
'T is I, thy Elsie, rendered back to thee !

JAMES TRAVIS.

And it is I, 't is I, thy brother James,
Who 'live and hale now lies in thy embrace.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Oh ! God is good and over-merciful !

ELSIE.

Yes, Travis, yes ! 't is He whose wondrous hand
Brought us together, nevermore to part !
Rememberest thou that with this self-same word
Three years ago I bade thee trust in Him,
That He through night and darkness, grief and trial,
Would lead our love to glorious consummation ?
And know'st thou still the subterranean way,
To which on that occasion I alluded ?
What then my lips, inspired unconsciously,
What then my spirit, childlike-unaware,
Proclaimed as hope-awakening allegory,
Stands realized to-day before our sight.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Oh ! had a dream, only a dream presented
Before my slumbering soul this lovely image,
That I should hold you both in my embrace,

I should have deemed it all-too-fair a gift.
And now, and now—I feel your bosoms throb
'Gainst mine in joyful, neighborly response,
I drink the life-warm ardor of your kisses,
I hear the love-thrilled, touching tremolo
Of both your voices, and my dazzled eye
Reads in your looks and on your glowing cheeks
The true reflex of all that moves your hearts,
While impotent to fathom yet the secret
Of your arrival here, my thoughts stand still.

JAMES TRAVIS.

Thou errest, brother, if thou ween'st that I
Can solve for thee this deep-mysterious riddle.
For lo! as sudden as it dawned on thee,
Inexplicable, as it stands before
Thy staggered mind,—so wondrous and so strange,
It still enwraps *my* own with dream-like spell.—
Three hours ago I lay in dizzy sleep,
In which appalling night and battle-smoke
Spread o'er my feverish soul a somber sky,
—As dark and dread as my impending fate—
While demon-like, uncouth, gigantic shapes
With hangman's features stretched their withered hands
Up, up to me with ever closer grasp,—
When in the cloud-wrapt back-ground of my dream
Appeared a balmy, mellow-tinted light,
That more and more shed through the desert waste

A radiant glow and thrilled with grateful warmth
E'en from afar my writhing, death-chilled heart.
'T must thus have been, when first the smile of God
With quickening breath beamed on chaotic realms ;
Thus it *will* be, when from the shades of grave
We first emerge into our Maker's presence.
And with that light there came a melody
Into my ear as of an angel-choir,
So sweet, so soothing and so comfort-fraught,
That, as at times we feel a healing draught
Pervade our veins with instantaneous cure,
So, so, forthwith these gentle accents poured
Into my heart a current of relief,
That soothed its pangs and calmed its agitation.
Then, for a while, the charming apparition
Withdrew from me, but as the setting sun
Behind him leaves the purple-glow of eve
And peace serene,—my feelings so remained
Inspired with joy and radiant hopefulness.
While thus I lay, as in a trance enchanted,
A glaring light broke on my slumb'ring eye ;
A fairy-vision stood my bed beside,
Who spoke to me with strength-infusing voice :
"Awake, James Travis, rise and follow me !"
Through long and vaulted corridors we went,
Until at last a frowning, narrow way,
Through which we passed, meseemed for many hours,
Has safely brought me to the arms of him

Than whom none else I longed to see once more.
Admit then, brother, that *my* wonderment
Can hardly be surpassed by *thy* surprise,
The more as I behold the fair magician
To whom I owe my strange deliverance,
Beknown to thee, befriended, yea, related
Through ties whose sweetness thou alone canst prize.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Oh! had a stranger, had an enemy
Bestowed on me the service to restore
My brother from the very jaws of death,
I should have valued all that I possess
Upon this world a poor reward for him.
And now it is through—Elsie! thee, that I
Receive him back, through thee who own'st my all.
But tell me, pray, how lone and without aid
Thou hast accomplished this unheard-of venture.

ELSIE.

Oh, Travis! why pronounce the fatal word,
Whereby unconsciously thou opest anew
The bleeding, aching wound, that scarce was sealed
By the oblivion of a moment's bliss?
Alas! as oft upon my gold-strung harp
My fingers touch a chord of highest joy—
I change *one* note, and, ah! the saddest tone
Conceivable strikes my astounded ear—
So close, so near lie side by side the strings

Of joy and grief on our lives' harpsichords.
And yet, meseems, 't is better after all,
That finds my sorrow in its utterance
A slight relief, and in thy sympathy
A soothing balm. So hear then my account.
Knowing full well my stout fidelity
To Texas and her cause,—suspecting, too,
My father's loyalty, though without grounds,
The tyrant must have had us watched by spies,
Hid near our tent, to hear what there was spoken.
When ere my father's journey to this fort
I made a new but vain attempt (alas!
It proved the last!) to rouse his love of right,
When on my knees I warned him 'gainst his friends
And told him of the hidden passage-way
Through which he yet could reach the Port of Honor,
This our converse must have been overheard
And brought to Santa Anna's ears. Meanwhile,
Upon my prayer to tend thy brother James,
The tyrant—under the pretence to grant it,
But in reality to wrest from me
Through threats and force my secret's dear possession,—
Had me conducted to thy brother's cot
In Mission of Concepcion. Fine his plan,
Yet finer God's, who made the villain's scheme
The instrument of my deliverance.
For know, Concepcion is the very place
Where lies the entrance to the hidden way.

Thither he came, intent on his design,
And, oh ! the terrors of that dreadful hour,
The ever higher billows of distress
That broke upon my aching, quivering heart,
When—brazen like the statue of a god
That hears not, feels not its petitioner's prayers,
Stern like a rock, whose plumb and polished breast
Rejects the drowning sailor's outstretched hand—
The hard man stood before me firm and stark,
Resolved to gain his end by every means,
By every wile of diplomatic art,—
When stroke on stroke and blow on blow the hammers
Of his persuasive reasons fell upon
My unprepared and unprotected heart,—
When gradually he rëinforced his praise
By luring bribes, his bribes by calumny,
His calumny by threats, his threats by sneers,—
When heeding not my tears, my agony,
He staked thy life, my father's fate, my honor
Upon the revelation of my sacred knowledge—
Oh ! to describe this hour's experience
My utt'rance fails me. Let this sabre speak
I wrested from his scabbard, to what height
Of bleak despair a woman may be driven.

[*Elsie hands Santa Anna's sword to Col. Travis.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

My heart has ceased its beat o'er thy account,

My thoughts refuse thy trial's depth to fathom,
How, reft of friends, hedged round by War and Foe,
Weak woman, thou stoodst pitted 'gainst the Man
Before whose might nine millions bow. And still
Thou hast prevailed! What fortitude,
What lofty height of virtue, what resolve
Of more than manly virtue hast thou shown!
What prizeless, unheard triumph hast thou won!
Before the radiance of thy victory,
The martyrs must conceal their thorny crowns,
The heroes hide the trophies of their fame,
The angels selves begrudge thy glory's halo,—
Oh, Elsie, Elsie! I deserve thee not!

ELSIE.

Say rather: I am worthy now of thee,
The heroine (if I am justified
To call me so), the equal hero's bride.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

His bride? Alas! the poorest swain on earth,
The meanest beggar can afford his bride
A life, a fortune he would deem most royal
Compared to what I can bestow on thee:
He has a cot, I but a heap of ruins;
He owns a bedstead, I not e'en a bier;
His wedding is made gay by festive music,
Mine terrible with hissing, crashing shell.
Nought, nought I have to give to thee but Death—

Death for thy bans, Death for thy bridal-dress,
Death for thy ring, Death for thy wedding-night.

ELSIE.

And is not that more than a heart could ask,
Yea, verily, the highest gift wherewith
Heaven can adorn and crown a woman's life,
To fight, to bleed, to die beside her lover,
In righteous cause and heavenward rise with him
Upon the pinions of a glorious deed,
Upon the rosy cloud of fame eternal,
'Mid the applause of both the Earth and Heaven?
Or wouldest thou that I, year after year,
Pine, languish, waste away in self-torment,
To join my hero in the light above?
No, I will die with thee, die at thy side.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

No, Elsie, no! thy pure and stainless hand,
That knew in life nought else but charity,
Must not by bloodshed be profaned in death;
Nor must thou self endure the cruelties
Of bloody fray, which spares nor age nor sex.
Should I behold by savage thrust laid ope
The tender breast, whose secrecy was mine?
Or witness how thy graceful form is soiled
With bloody gore or trampled in the dust?
That memory would haunt me e'en in heaven.
It must not be, fain as I had thee nigh me,

When self I bleeding lie upon the sod.
Choose every other road to death but this.

ELSIE.

One only way of death I yet could wish,
Will then remain for me, if would thine hand—

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

[*Interrupting her quickly.*]
Pronounce it not—my heart will turn to stone.

JAMES TRAVIS.

So let my counsel come to your relief.
The Alamo—I heard thee say,—is mined—

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Thanks, brother, for thy counsel's timely aid.
The way is found, dear Elsie, that avoids
Thy desecration by the enemy's hand,
And yet assigns to thee the foremost place
And office in the Alamo's defence.

ELSIE.

Then my two wishes are fulfilled : the first
To be with thee, when heavenward soars thy spirit;
The other: to redeem my father's guilt
And injury to Freedom's sacred cause,
By graving on her radiant roll of honor
(Would it were his !)—the name of Elsie Bradburn.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

What say'st thou? "Elsie Bradburn?"—*Elsie Travis:*
This and none else must henceforth be thy name.
Thy love gave me that dearly-cherished *right*,
Thy presence here makes it *necessity!*
As blent our *souls* in one delightful trance,
As blent our *hearts* in one regard for truth,
As will our *lives* blend in one glorious death,
So must hereafter stand our *names* entwined!
WILLIAM AND ELSIE TRAVIS: this must be
The appellation of that double-star,
Whose brilliancy, blent inseparably,
Will shine upon the firmament of fame.

ELSIE.

Oh, Travis! if within my bosom's niche
Still lurked a secret longing it was this,
Though I forebore to make it known to thee.
Hedged as thou art, by obstacles and foes,
I fain forced back into my bosom's shrine
The care for my repute, than rather add
More to the weight of thy embarrassment.
Now, now, I am the happiest of women!
But, pray, where is the hand, that God-ordained,
Will consecrate our wedlock's holy bond?

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Wilt, brother, call the chaplain from the door?
[*While James Travis goes to execute his brother's wish,*

and while he and the Chaplain for a short time indulge in manifestations of joy about their meeting again, Colonel William Travis continues, speaking to Elsie :]

Our wedding, Elsie, will not come to pass
As we, when seated once in moonlight's glare
'Neath Anahuac's verdant garden-bower,
In glowing tints had pictured to one another.
Yet though our fancy's dreams are not fulfilled,
Our wedding-day is not devoid of charms.
The sparkling tears of joy within thine eyes
Outshine in brilliancy the costliest pearls
Wherewith thou couldst have decked thee out to-day;
The glowing blush upon thy cheeks out-does
The fairest rose-bloom which thou couldst have worn;
While in solemnity of hour and place
No earthly wedding can compete with ours.

ELSIE.

And if on Earth the picture of our fancy
Has been excelled by its embodiment,
How much more gloriously will Heaven redeem
What little we have lost beneath. For now
The draft we thought to hold on earthly gifts
Has been exchanged for one on Heaven's delights,
Far greater, safer, better than the first.

[*Here James Travis and the Chaplain advance to the altar.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

[*Addressing the Chaplain.*]

Hast list to our converse?

SMITH.

I heard it all,
And praised the Lord, whose wondrous hand pours out
Such glory inconceivable on us.
I say: "on us;" because we all alike
Are glorified by this event, e'en I;
For now relieved of one part of thy charge,
I trust thou wilt revoke thy whole behest,
That I like you may battling die for freedom,
Like you may worthily conclude my life.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

How could I, friend, refuse to grant thy prayer,
When mine is heard beyond all expectation?
Hence bless our union, and that joyest service
Of all upon thy lips, go forth to death.
God will take care of our remains and fame.
So let me then present thee to my bride:
From her own lips thou knowest WHO she is:
And thine own heart will tell thee WHAT she is.

ELSIE.

[*Addressing the Chaplain.*]

If dear forever to a pious heart
Will be the hand, whose ministry hath hallowed
And crowned its life-time's brightest bond and day,

How sacred must thy memory be to me,
Who, like the Lord's Envoy Extraordinary,
Appearest here midway through walls and foes,
To wreathe my brow with grace, e'en ere I die.

SMITH.

If I am so ordained by God, 't is thou
Who givest me my mission's consciousness.
As grateful for the care bestowed on her,
The Rose blooms fairest in her warden's sight,
Yet hardly less delights the passer-by
Through her sweet loveliness and charming scent,
So holds as well a good and pious heart
A source of blessings rich enough for all,
E'en though its foremost love is vowed to one.
So I, scarce entered in thy blessings' sphere,
Become a sharer of their gifts and dowers,
Whose recognition by my slightest service
Returns to me as two-fold benefit.
I owe to thee, that by this joyful rite
Of Matrimony I may end my *mission;*
I owe to thee, that by this glorious death
Of heroism I may conclude my *life.*

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Would that my friends could all attend our wedding;
Alas! the hour's stern duty bars their presence.
Yet not unmeet it seems, that one at least
Were witness and partaker of our joy.

SCENE IV.

Enters Crockett. The bombardment, preceding the assault, is just then beginning.

CROCKETT.

[*Remains standing at the door.*]

Where linger'st thou, Commander? Even now
The foe begins the thundering ouverture
Wherewith he opes our tragedy's last act;
He'll not be slow in adding the finale.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

How long before we may expect their coming?

CROCKETT.

They will be here in less than half an hour.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Are all our men well-stationed, say?

CROCKETT.

They are.
Ranged in a semi-circle round the breach,
And sheltered well 'gainst shot and shell, they bide
Impatiently the enemy's approach.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

'T is well, my friend! And therefore I beseech thee
To spare me still five minutes of thy life,
And to attend my wedding as my groomsman.

CROCKETT.

[*Advancing to the altar.*]

Thou jestest, friend—it cannot be—but, ah!
It must be true—who is this handsome maiden?

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

'T is Elsie Bradburn, my heroic bride.

CROCKETT.

[*Pointing in great surprise at James Travis.*]

And who is this? am I awake or dreaming?
James Travis, thou? my youthful, gallant friend,
The fear for whose imperiled fate has wrung
The first right-fervid prayer I e'er in life
Have uttered, from my anxious bosom's shrine.
But speak! declare to me the riddle, how
Thou hast escaped the tyrant's tiger-claws
And comest here, I know not, through the air
Or from the ground, albeit we saw thee not.

JAMES TRAVIS.

Hast ever thou, amid thy many feats
Of danger, as I well surmise, been saved
From out the very jaws of direst death
By wondrous, providential interference,
To fathom which thy mind proved impotent?
If had thy fancy's eye on such occasion
Attired thy intercessor with the brightest hues
Of Heaven and Earth, of Morn and Evening-sky,—

With all the highest attributes of Virtue,—
Thy fairest image would have fallen short
From *this* embodiment of guardian-angel,
Who healed my wounds, soothed my captivity,
Defied the tyrant's wrath, and saving me
From cruel torture and disgraceful end,
Restored me safely to my countrymen,
Whose fate, whose death she is prepared to share.

CROCKETT.

[*Bending his knee before Elsie.*]

Fair Lady! David Crockett, who not once
In all his life has bowed to man or woman,
Here lays his fame, his triumphs at thy feet,
Confessing him outdone by thee in all
His boldest courage ever could conceive.
Compared to thy heroic fortitude,
The honor even to have sat in Congress
Sinks into nought; I shall no longer boast it.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Beside my brother, has my gallant bride
A precious trophy brought with her, this sabre
Of Santa Anna, wrested from his side.

CROCKETT.

[*Takes the sword and examines it.*]

This is his sword?—Oh, glorious prophecy,
Whose meaning e'en the blindest eye can see,
Whose speaking promise heralds Heaven's decree

That through Him, with Him Texas will be free!
For as this sword, the mighty tyrant's brand,
Was torn from him by tender woman's hand,
So shall his power wreck 'gainst this feeble land,
His whelming host against our little band.

[*Sinking on one knee, he stretches his arms upward.*]

Oh, Lord! I pray like Simeon on my knees:
Now lettest Thou Thy servant part in peace,
Since have mine eyes beheld this land's release
From bonds and rise to Freedom's blessed ease.

[*He rises.*]

TRAVIS.

Our time is costly, friends! for every moment
Brings nearer us to our impending doom.
So let us wisely use our time allotted
For what is most required and proceed
To celebrate our wedding-ceremony,
Where cannon-roar serves for the organ's peal,
Where rockets glare instead of nuptial torch,
Where stern-faced Death is the hymeneal god.

[*The Chaplain takes his position in front of the altar at the foot of which the bridal-pair kneel down. Crockett and James Travis stand behind them. The bombardment reaches its highest force,—bomb-shell even now crashing through the chapel-roof.*

CHAPLAIN SMITH.

With God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
Speak, William Travis, wilt thou take this woman

Unto thy wedded wife, to live together
By God's commandment in the holy state
Of Matrimony? Wilt thou love and comfort
And keep her in disease and health, and leaving
All others, keep thee unto her alone
So long ye both shall live on earth?

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

I will.

CHAPLAIN SMITH.

Speak, Elsie Bradburn! wilt thou take this man
Unto thy wedded husband, to abide
By God's commandment in the holy state
Of Matrimony? Wilt thou love and comfort
And keep him in disease and health, and leaving
All others, keep thee unto him alone
So long ye both shall live?

ELSIE.

I will.

CHAPLAIN SMITH.

Who giveth
This woman to be married to this man?

[*The Chaplain receives Elsie at Crockett's hands. Travis with his right hand takes Elsie's right hand.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

I, William Travis, take thee, Elsie Bradburn,
To have and hold thee as my wedded wife,
From this day forth, for better and for worse,

For richer and for poorer, in disease
And so in health, to cherish and to love thee,
Till Death do part us after God's command,
Whereto I plight my sacred troth to thee.

[*They loose their hands. Elsie with her right hand now takes Travis by his right hand.*]

ELSIE.

I, Elsie Bradburn, take thee, William Travis,
To have and hold thee as my wedded husband
From this day forth, for better and for worse,
For richer and for poorer, in disease
And health, to love, obey and cherish thee
Till death do part us after God's command,
Whereto I plight my sacred troth to thee.

[*They again loose their hands. Travis gives Elsie a ring; Chaplain Smith taking it from Elsie's hand, delivers it unto Travis, who puts it on Elsie's finger.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

This ring for token, I thee wed and 'dow thee
With all my worldly goods—thus in the name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen!

[*Chaplain Smith then joins their hands together. At this very moment a bomb-shell, crashing through the roof, explodes on the floor.*]

CHAPLAIN SMITH.

Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder.

[*Then laying his hands upon their heads, he blesses them:*]

God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost preserve
And bless ye both; the Lord All-Merciful
Look favorably upon ye and endow
Your hearts with all spiritual gifts of grace,
That ye so live together in this life
That in the world to come ye may attain
Life ever-glorious, everlasting! Amen.

[*The bridal-pair rise. Enters Major Evans in great haste.*]

EVANS.

The cannonade has ceased. The enemy
Can plainly be descried forming their lines
For the immediate storm upon the breach.

[*Exit Evans.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Then I must be without! Farewell, dear wife.

CROCKETT.

No, no! my friend! this is against the rules,
As we were wont,—(*correcting himself*) as every one would say,
To leave so soon thy newly-wedded wife,
Without so much as e'en a moment's parley.
'T were cruel, 't were inhuman, 't were outrageous.
And stood the foe upon the breach, we should
Throw us against him like a living wall,
Till thou hast said a Christian-like farewell
To her, who hardly thine, is torn from thee.
'T is time yet for a brief converse; I self

Will tell thee when thy presence is required.
Come, Chaplain ! come, young friend ! thy story will
Still more inspire our men, when through their ranks
Runs the account of thy deliverance.

COL. WM. TRAVIS

So be it then ! Thanks, tender-hearted friend !

[*Crockett, James Travis and the Chaplain go without.*]

SCENE V.

Wm. Travis and Elsie.

WM. TRAVIS.

My darling wife ! to call thee by this name
Yet here on earth, e'en for a moment only,
And to behold thy prophecy fulfilled,
That hand in hand we shall ascend to Heaven,
Where is the hero whom *this* bliss befell ?

ELSIE.

Beloved husband ! if this name endeared
Entitles me to share thy weal and woe
On Earth below, this were enough of blessing;
But when by heavenly mercy I am granted
That rarest privilege to blend with thee
My very destiny, my very future,
In one grand moment of a glorious Death :
Where is the woman whom *this* bliss befell ?

WM. TRAVIS.

Thou sayest true : what greater bliss can be
Than this : from Life's most radiant joy to leap
With glowing cheeks, and with enraptured heart,
Into the deepest ecstasy of Death,
Of Death for Country, Right and Liberty.
This is no foretaste : this is Heaven itself.

ELSIE.

I should not love thee, could I not with thee
Feel e'en the least vibration of thy glee !
Still, let us not give way to passionate joy,
But peacefully collect our thoughts like some
Long intimate through earnest contemplation
With all the prospects of their future journey.
Pilgrims for Canaan, we have now attained
The Sinai of our lives, whence we may trace
The road we traveled o'er from out the bondage
Of Egypt through the desert's dreary waste,
And where as well we are allowed a glimpse
Into the haze-dimmed "Promised Land" before us
Where so one summit links the Past and Presence
And Future of our lives, it is well meet
To linger here awhile in meditation,
And with the truth here plucked for keepsake-flower,
Take leave forever from our late abode.
And were then, while we turn to go, a tear
To fall from out our eye upon that flower,
That costly dew would heighten but its bloom.

1.

As children lightly in their frolic's mirth
Forget the hand that pleased them by some toy,
So we at first, when planted on this earth,
'Mid all the charms that day and night deploy,
Became oblivious of our heavenly birth,
And only reveled in our harmless joy,
All while unconscious of the waxing sin
Of selfishness and pride our hearts within.

2.

Yet ever and anon, a "low, still voice,"
Came from our deepest hearts' abyss, that told
Of one still higher prize, a boon more choice
Than all the gifts of pleasure, gain and gold;
Yet though we sought its trace 'mid worldly noise
In solitude, within our closet's fold
By night and day, with eager, anxious look,
Nowhere we could descry its hiding-nook.

3.

Unheard by us, unnoticed by our eye,
With angel's tread, despite our watchful care,
As floats the silvery moonlight from the sky,
As flowery scent is wafted in the air,
As downward sinks the night-dew from on high,
So calm, so soft, so gentle and so fair,
Love in our hearts at last took its abode,
And drove from it our selfishness abroad.

4.

And with it came a holy *awe* to reign
Within our hearts, a namelesss, dreaming-glee,
A deep contempt for worldly, hollow gain,
A pride in voluntary poverty,
A sweet delight in self-inflicted pain,
Withal a longing for humility,
As if our all we joyfully would give,
If we but in our "second I" could live.

5.

'T was *Eve*,—the eve of hallowed *recognition*,
When under Anahuac's verdant bower
Our blended love first oped our spirit's vision
To greater light, to *consciousness* of power,
When we conceived the purport of our mission:
Through Love to reach at Truth. No higher dower
—We weened,—could Earth contain or Heaven above;
We were contented here to live and love.

6.

Then came the *Night*—the night of *Grief* which cast
Around our lives her black-draped velvet-cloak;
Muffling our joy, too beautiful to last,
She put on us her trials' cross and yoke.
Yet all for good—the first pain's harshness past,
Her earnest mildness hallowed it and woke
Within our hearts a sweet *presentiment*,
With which our tears in harmony were blent.

7.

And now 't is *Dawn*, the dawn of radiant *Hope*,
Whose rose-beams, quivering through our twilight's gloom,
Have laid our sorrow's sable-curtain ope
To brighter hue, to rays of life and bloom.
Distending now our hearts' *prophetic* scope,
With flowers she twines for us the very tomb,
And joyfully leads our victorious march
To glowing light through Heaven's triumphal arch.

8.

Soon 't will be *Day*—the day of *Love* and *Light*,
Whose faint reflex was mirrored in our dreams,
Whose radiance made our purest moments bright,
Whose pledge we found within our bosoms' seams;
Cleansed there from earthly sin, from mortal blight,
Basking beneath the rays of heavenly beams,
Our happy spirits twining more and blending,
Will melt in *one* love-atom without ending.

TRAVIS.

9.

Oh, Elsie! now, first now I owe to thee
That has my earthly life attained its goal.
While hitherto I read Heaven's radiancy
Within thy glance alone, within thy soul,

Thy wisdom now has set my spirit free,
Boldly it rises to the ærial pole,
And clearly feels, that, what as Beauty's share
It here has known, will perfect Truth be there.

10.

Therefore, oh Death ! where,—where is now thy sting ?
Therefore, oh Grave ! where is thy victory ?
My wintery soul bursts forth to bloom of Spring,
My bosom's discords swell to harmony,
My spirit's veil is lift by magic ring,
From dross refined, my powers rise valiantly;
And from the cup of Love with ecstasy
I quaff the draught of Immortality.

DAVID CROCKETT.

[*Appears at the door.*]

Now it is time ! the enemy approach !

[*Exit.*]

WM. TRAVIS.

11.

Thou sayest true ! my friend ! now it is time !
When so we yearn for higher, better sphere,
When fall on us such beams from heavenly clime,
When o'er our hearts is spread such comfort's cheer,
When on our ear strikes such celestial chime :
Then, truly ! it is time to part from here !
Come, Elsie, come ! one moment yet of pain :
Then joy for aye and happiness amain.

[*Wm. and Elsie Travis leave the chapel.*]

Scene VI.

The Fall of the Alamo.

*One side of the stage represents the barracks, at the end of which the powder-magazine rises: a low square tower with a platform on the top. The other side is wholly taken up by the breach, extending in a semi-circle from one front-corner to the opposite corner in the rear of the stage. Behind the breach lie the defenders of the Alamo with bayonets fixed, ready to receive the enemy. The latter are heard approaching in the distance under martial music and beating of drums.**

Col. Wm. Travis comes from the barrack-door, taking his position in the center of the breach beside his brother James and his captains, while Elsie at the same time appears on the top of the powder-magazine with a lighted torch in her hand.

Col. Wm. Travis.

Are ready ye, my faithful men, to die
For Texas and her Liberty?

All.

Aye, Aye!

Col. Wm. Travis.

So hear then your Commander's last harangue
Ere wholly deafened by the weapons' clang.
For months we have been fellow-workmen here,
Intent a grand, a lofty work to rear.

* For the tune of this March, see page 247.

Our part is done, our tools are laid aside,
And standing by we gaze with conscious pride
At what our will, our strength, our energy
Have called from nought to life and certainty;
And though the building is imperfect still,
Though other hands our labor must fulfill—
Our arms have laid its firm foundation-walls,
Our vict'ries have adorned its spacious halls,
Our blood has given its sides their radiant hue,
Our death yet will cement it through and through.
When then in future years some passer-by
Shall view our structure with admiring eye,
His wonderment will be a silent praise
To all that shared to mould its beauty's grace,
While year to year, as they succeed, hand down
Its builders' name in glory and renown,
And those who live beneath its roof will bless
Its workmen's handicraft and faithfulness.
Such is the fame that will on us reflect,
The servants of the Heavenly Architect,
Who also chose this hand and heart of mine
For overseér at his grand design.
Hence it becomes to me,—ere we disband,
To go to higher work in higher land,
There to perfect our workmanship and art,—
To thank you, comrades, from my inmost heart
For your support and stout fidelity,
Your ready zeal and confidence in me.

Without you this defence had been a farce,
With you its glory rises to the stars;
Without you my endeavors had been vain,
With you Man's highest palm falls to my gain.
So by your gallant captains' hands receive
My gratitude as from them I take leave.
Come, Oldham, Evans, Kimble, Dickinson;
Shake hands with me; our gallant race is won.
Crockett, farewell! but why this thoughtful brow?

CROCKETT.

Beg pardon; I rehearsed a speech just now,
Wherewith I shall address Leonidas
And his three-hundred; as beneath I was
A Congressman, they will no doubt demand
A speech from me! We meet on heavenly strand.

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Farewell, dear brother James! if still I grieve,
It is, that thou, so young and fair, must leave
Earth's joy behind; yet it is better far,
That quickly here thou die in honest War
Than slowly through the hands of Tyranny!
Farewell! how will thy mother pine for thee!

JAMES TRAVIS.

Mourn not, dear brother; for the joyous boon
Of such a death can never come too soon!
[*The sound of the enemy's drums and martial music is now heard more distinctly.*]

COL. WM. TRAVIS.

Hark ye! how close the foe is now at hand,
Full many thousands 'gainst our little band.
So nerve your strength, let every sinew swell
To be a man, and let your bayonets tell,
Your swords, your muskets and your Bowie-knives,
How dearly ye have sold your precious lives.
Where none is witness to your gallantry,
There let the enemy's crippled numbers be
Its speaking proof and herald.

[*Here the morning-sun suddenly bursts forth from behind a bank of dark clouds.*]

[*Enthusiastically.*] But behold!
God's hand has oped Heaven's radiant gate of gold,
Where clad in robes of white the heroes stand
Of every nation, every age and land,
To welcome you into their marble-dome,
To bid you make its gorgeous hall your home,
And by their hands to lead you to the seat
Of honor. Hence your future mates to greet,
Intune once more your "Hymn of Liberty,"
And on the pinions of its melody
Let joyfully your souls to Heaven ascend,
There to abide in glory without end.
Rise, hero-brethren, rise! your last breath be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

[*All rise. At this juncture the band of the enemy whose*

advance is plainly heard from behind the breach, strikes up the trio of their March, which serves as an accompaniment to the Hymn of Liberty, which the defenders of the Alamo now intune.]

ALL.

Rise, comrades, see! the Heavens adorn
  Their gates with radiant charms,
To welcome you, when thither borne
  In Freedom's fondling arms;
There to abide in bliss and grace,
While live your names in song and praise.
Rise, comrades, rise! your last breath be:
"For Texas and her Liberty!"

[*While singing the last two lines, the defenders of the Alamo, Travis ahead, with Santa Anna's sword raised high in the air, leap to the crest of the breach, where the front ranks of the enemy are just appearing. Before the onslaught of the Texans, the Mexicans fall back, followed by the former, so that they are wholly lost out of sight by the spectators. For a short time the clash of arms is heard from behind the stage. Then ensues a momentary lull.*]

A VOICE.

[*From behind the breach, as of one dying.*]

Come, Elsie, to my side, and hand in hand
We will ascend into the Heavenly Land.

ELSIE.

Yes, Travis, happy spirit! joyfully
I follow thee to Immortality.

[*While just then a Mexican Ensign appears on the crest of the breach, where he plants his standard, Elsie throws the torch into the powder-magazine. A loud crash follows:—the Mexican soldier with his flag falls to the ground;—the walls of the barracks cave toward the outside,—the Alamo sinks into ruins. While the Mexican band, stationed behind the breach, once more repeats the last part of the March.*]

[*The Curtain slowly descends,*]

EPILOGUE.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

SCENE I.

An open field near Vince's Bridge, on the grounds where afterwards the Battle of San Jacinto took place. Enters Bradburn, haggard, in ragged clothing, bearing on his arms and ankles iron rings, from which the chains have been filed off.

I have escaped! am free from chains at last;
For days and weeks I patiently have borne
Taunts from the lips and tortures from the hands
Of Santa Anna and his servile knaves.
Each of their vict'ries brought me sneers and insults,
Each of their bloodsheds added wounds to mine;
But well I have remembered every item
Of—despot!—thy indebtedness to me,
And quietly nursed my wrath, till on one day
With int'rest thousandfold thou shalt repay:

[*With impassionate voice.*]

Tyrant! that day has come; the hour has struck
That will blot out thy pride, thy fame, thy luck.

[*Continuing more quietly.*]

I cannot err! God's finger points it out!
My light escape upon the very spot
Which, from their threats, should see my execution,—
The bridges, by the freshet swept away,
The marshy ground, impeding every step,
All these foreshadow their defeat and ruin,
And more,—as if a god had struck them blind,
They, in the recklessness of their success,
Neglect the plainest rules of watchfulness—
Seest, tyrant, not the writing on the wall
That prophesies thy near-impending fall?

[*He takes a seat on a grassy knoll.*]

How so familiar seem these grounds to me,
How touchingly these meads address my heart,
As if they were my childhood's rambling-place.
Here o'er these fields the prancing charger bore
My daughter at my side with fleeting pace;
There gleam the glassy waters of the bay
Upon whose emerald waves we oft beguiled
The merry hours with sail and oar and net,
And yonder in the hazy distance rise
The pinnacles of Anahuac's Fort,
Our former pleasant, peaceful, happy home—

[*He rises.*]

Till broke the demon of *thy* tyranny
Upon the peace of every family.
What evil thou hast sown from far-off land,
That evil's harvest-field shall be this strand.

I, too, have sinned, have wronged my fellow-men,
Have raged against my kindred and myself.
But though All-gracious Heaven may deem my throes
And gloomy bondage full atonement's price
For what my waywardness has brought about,
I must do more; my honor and my fame
I must restore before my countrymen,
And in sublimity of earthly record
Become a fit companion to the souls
Of my beloved ones 'mid celestial spheres.
This done I fain will yield my parting breath,
And find my brightest triumph in my death,
While, tyrant, thou shalt *live* to contemplate
Thy shattered power and to bewail thy fate.
Yes, I *must* die, *will* die, though God forbid,
That I enlist my hand to end my life;
For so much I have learned in that poor school
Which I must call my sorrowful career,
That one offence 'gainst Nature's ordinance
Cannot be remedied by still another.
As at the evening of some dismal day,
The radiant sun from the horizon's brink
Once more will clothe the somber firmament
With purplish-golden hues, before he sets—
I, too, will crown my ill-spent, wayward life
By one bright deed, one bliss-conferring act.
The proverb's truth: All's well that endeth well,
Be demonstrated in my funeral knell.

SCENE II.

Deaf Smith, the Scout, appears with a party of seven men

BRADBURN.

But see ! who comes ? 'T is Texans : their advent
I hail with joy : it guarantees success.

DEAF SMITH.

Who art thou, fellow, enemy or friend ?

BBADBURN.

My uniform betides the Mexican,
My heart's pulse throbs for Texas and her freedom.

DEAF SMITH.

So art thou a deserter ? Strange, indeed,
Must be the motive that induces thee
To leave thy comrades' banner at a time,
When Victory, the fickle goddess, is
So stable a companion of their arms,
When in the fatness of the land they revel,
While want and hopelessness abide with us.

BRADBURN.

The purer my intention is.

DEAF SMITH.

Thy name ?

BRADBURN.

I shall reveal it to thy general.
Lead me to him : for my report is urgent.

DEAF SMITH.

Then, Alsbury, conduct him to the camp,
While farther we pursue our scouting-tour.

BRADBURN.

No, no, Sir Scout, ye all must come with me,
For every gallant arm is needed there.
'T is useless quite for you to search for news
That mine would not exceed a hundred-fold
By weightiness and accurate account.
But ere we go, my friends, let us destroy
This bridge, to thwart the enemy's hasty flight;
The swampy shores will stay their horses' feet,
The swollen waves defy their strength to cross.
So go to work; then I shall follow you.

DEAF SMITH.

Thou, a deserter, unknown and despised,
Commandest here, as if thou wert our master;
And yet I know not what it is that prompts me
Implicitly thy order to obey.
If I believed in visions, I should ween
Thou wert an angel sent from heavenly realms,
Disguised in beggar's dress, to aid our cause
By thine advice; so beams thy eye inspired,
And so assuring sounds to me thy voice.
So, friends, make haste to hurl these planks and beams
Into the waves; for if that man tells true,
Our arms are needed in the camp to-day.

[*They throw the planks into the river.*]

BRADBURN.

[*With exultation.*]

As falls this yoke, forced on the river's brow,
So shall the yoke of tyranny be severed
That weighed so heavily upon this land,
Proclaim, ye beams, wherever ye may fare,
Proclaim, ye rafters, swimming to the sea,
That also ye have done your humble share
To set one people more at liberty.
You fitly oped the tragedy's prelude,
Which now our weapons bravely shall conclude.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

General Sam, Houston's tent. Gen. Houston, Gen. Burleson, Texan officers.

HOUSTON.

I have now laid before you, Gentlemen,
The grounds wherefore I deem it wise to act
On the defensive, and to fight our foes
Before our lines, than rather to attack
Their far superior numbers in the field.
Speak thy opinion, Burleson, and state
What thou deem'st prudent for the good of all.

BURLESON.

Time, master of us all, is just as potent

With nations as with individuals.
Each has some moments, which, if wisely used,
Will seize their barks as by an under-tow,
And lift them on the billows of success.
And though I have no reason to advance
Than what I feel within my bosom's shrine,
A holy voice,—I take it,—given by God,
I pray thee, Chief,—I pray ye, gentlemen,
Not to foreclose an opportunity
Which missed may nevermore again return.
We must attack the enemy to-day,
This very hour, or lose our chance forever.

HOUSTON.

What is with thee? I never heard thee speak
So deep-mysteriously, so strange-perversely.

BURLESON.

The more a ground why thou shouldst not reject
This time my counsel, weird as it may seem.

HOUSTON.

Where highest *wisdom* must decide a deed,
Thou wouldst decline her guidance and advice?

BURLESON.

'T is better, when a *spirit* shows the way,
Relieving us from scanning Wisdom's scruples.

HOUSTON.

Our plainest acts are ruled by *common-sense*,
And in this crisis we should waive its conduct?

BURLESON.

Prudence is good enough for every day,
It needs a *god* to guide in danger's hour.

HOUSTON.

'T be far from us to doubt the help of God,
Who quickens human *wit* in troubled times.

BURLESON.

The voice of God is best learnt through the *heart*
That reads His signs with trusting, child-like mind;
So let us then await our scouts' report,
Which, as I fondly hope, will change thy views.

HOUSTON.

Just now I hear the voice of Smith without;
Let him come in, to render his report.

[*An officer goes without to call Smith in.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Deaf Smith and Bradburn.

HOUSTON.

Whom bring'st thou here to us—a captive, Smith?

DEAF SMITH.

No, General, a deserter whom we met
At Vince's Bridge, and who, as he professes,
Brings weighty tidings from the enemy.

BURLESON.

[*Placing himself squarely before Bradburn, whose arms he seizes, and whose features he scans with intense eagerness.*]

This face,—this stature—should I know them not?
'T is Colonel Bradburn—but, alas, how changed!

BRADBURN.

Yes, deeply changed through grim Affliction's hand,
In face and hair,—but also changed in heart.

BURLESON.

We heard of it, though scarce we could believe it;
So tell! what leads thy journey to our camp?

BRADBURN.

To call you out to fight this very hour.

BURLESON.

Hast, Chief, thou heard? Have, Generals, ye heard?
What greater proof of my opinion's justice
Will you require than that, my word scarce uttered,
It instantly and strongly is confirmed?
And though it is a beggar, a deserter,
A traitor, if you will, that bears it out,
No less he comes a messenger from heaven!
For Providence has different ways from ours
And uses means beyond our comprehension.
But, Bradburn, tell us now whereon thou basest
Thy message which to me is clear enough.

. BRADBURN.

With less than thousand men and thirteen guns
Had Santa Anna hardly crossed the river
In eager hurry to prevent your flight,
When oped the heavens the sluices of their lakes
And sent upon the earth an avalanche
Of water-floods which made the plain a sea
And filled the rivers to their utmost brink.
The bridges by the torrents swept away,
The forces under Cos and Filisola
Are yet detained at Harrisburg and Brazos.
Now, now or never is your time and chance,
Triumphantly by one stroke of the sword
To consummate your highest aspirations.
Oh! profit of the moment ere it flees,
Observe how Fortune—God!—has cleared for you
An unobstructed path, upon whose goal
The laurel-wreath of Vict'ry hangs suspended.

BURLESON.

Oh! list to him, for he is sent by God.

HOUSTON.

Where lies a nation's fate upon the scale,
It surely needs a stronger argument
Than a deserter's to decide upon.

DEAF SMITH.

So let my lips corroborate his word.

For going past the enemy's camp this morn
No scouts were seen, no sentries, no intrenchments.
Like swarming bees, so roamed the Mexicans,
Some here, some there, for fodder and for wood;
In open fields they unprotected lie
With swamps and swollen rivers in their rear,
And not one bridge for their retreat, since we
At his advice (*pointing at Bradburn*) destroyed the last
at Vince's.

HOUSTON.

And may not this apparent negligence
Be but a mask, a ruse to lure us on
To our defeat upon his chosen ground?

BRADBURN.

These papers ta'en from Santa Anna's tent
Will prove to thee, that quite a different scheme
Lies in his plan; he only bides the coming
Of Cos and Filisola to surround
Your forces here, and with one final blow
To crush the hope of Liberty forever.

[*He hands some papers to Houston.*]

HOUSTON.

This only strengthens my opinion more
To wait for his attack in our position;
For knowing his design, we lightly can
Defeat it by the weapons of his own.

BRADBURN.

So hear me, Chief; so hear me, Generals!
Here on my knees I now beseech you all!

[*On his knees he crouches round the circle with uplifted hands. Then he opens his coat and bares his arms, to show his wounds; at which all express the utmost horror.*]

Behold these stripes, behold these ghastly wounds,
Which call aloud for vengeance and requital.
And yet this costly property of mine,
And the remembrance of my grievous wrongs,
My daughter's martyrdom, her lover's death,
I fain will lay upon this country's altar,
Since far a greater sacrifice I brought.

[*He rises.*]

For list! Last night, when drunk with ardent wine
From pillaged Harrisburg obtained, my guards
Were fast asleep, when Santa Anna self
Lay on his camp-bed in unconscious stupor,
By dint of weary filing I at last
Freed me of chains, pressed deep into my flesh.
On hands and knees I crept then, where he lay,
He, he, the fiend, that wrecked my life,—he, he,
That used to while his leisure-hours away,
To see me writhe beneath his cruel hand;
He, he, that scarce an hour ago had struck
And stamped me in his drunken humor's fit.
As standing so before my mortal foe,

I gazed upon his hateful countenance,
Each raking pain I felt in limb and heart,
Each sneer engraven on my memory,
Was blended in one single thought and feeling,
One single wish and joy :—*Revenge!*
E'en then I had unsheathed his sword—e'en then
I held the glittering blade high in the air,—
E'en then I nerved me for the wieldy blow,—
E'en then the arch-fiend's life hung by a thread,—
When seemed an unseen hand to check my arm,
While rang a soothing voice into my ear
That spake : "Give him to me! I, Freedom, will
Avenge thee through the liberty of Texas!"
I heard, I thought, I turned, I came away.
Has one of you to show a claim like potent
On Freedom, I will waive my own; for wealth
And even life cannot compete with it.
Yet even these I gladly will forego :
My wealth to those impoverished through this war,
My life to God, when in the fight I fall.
All that I feel and am so laid aside,
I am prepared to join my friends above,
And soar a happy spirit o'er the land
I helped to ransom from the tyrant's yoke.

HOUSTON.

My heart is turned : I fain resign my right;
What say, ye, comrades, shall we wait or fight?

GENERALS.

Lead us to battle, Chief!

HOUSTON.

So be it then!
Now go from here, call out your gallant men,
And lead them on to death or victory:
"To-day or never!" let the watchword be!

BURLESON.

[*Handing his sword to Bradburn.*]

Here, Bradburn! take my sword! no better man
E'er held its hilt in Freedom's battle-van.

BRADBURN.

Oh, thanks! my guilt on earth redeemed, forgot,
So ye, my friends in Heaven, reject me not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The conquered camp of the Mexicans on the battle-field of San Jacinto. The back-ground is filled with smoke, amid which soldiers are seen hurrying to and fro. The foreground represents a conquered battery, where Bradburn lies stretched on the ground, apparently dead. Sam Houston, followed by Burleson, Deaf Smith and a Surgeon, enter on the rear of the battery. The Surgeon is seen bandaging General Houston's wounded foot, whenever he can do so.

HOUSTON.

The victory is ours! on every side
The enemy are fleeing in dismay,
Hotly pursued by our brave volunteers.
But as the night is settling fast and swamps
Hedge in the enemy beyond escape,
I deem it wise to end this day's exploits.
So, Burleson! go, make this will of mine
Beknown unto the several commanders,
That here we'll make our camp-stead for the night,
Where I await their presence and reports.
Sweetest a victor sleeps upon the field
Which heard his shout and saw his gallant deed.

[*Exit Burleson.*]

Come, Smith; come, Surgeon! let us choose our seats
On yonder gun, to bide our friends' return.

[*They go toward the other side of the stage.*]

But see, who lies here dead. 'T is Colonel Bradburn!

[*Houston takes a seat on a gun-carriage, while the Surgeon bandages his foot.*]

DEAF SMITH.

Yes, General, it is he! Upon this spot
He fell and died, pierced by a musket-ball.
When formed our men in line, we took our stand
Upon the right of Sherman's regiment.
Advancing silently at the command,
With every step the Colonel seemed to tower

Taller and taller, like an airy vision,
Till when the enemy's cannon oped on us,
He, with a voice that drowned their mighty roar,
Called out to Sherman's volunteers : "*Remember*
The Alamo!" * As darts the lightning-bolt
Athwart the air, so flashed this battle-cry
Through every bosom, and from wing to wing
The startled breezes bore its thundering echo.
Awed by this deafening peal the enemy
With terror broke their ranks; this battery
Alone sustained its fire against our men.
They wavered for an instant; wresting then
The regimental standard from the ensign,
And waving it with vigor, Colonel Bradburn
Rushed straight against the cannon's mouth and planted
The banner on the rampart. So he stood
In high relief against the smoke-wrapt sky,
Ere yet our men had scaled the parapet;
But when I reached his side, he suddenly
Sank lifeless to the ground, exclaiming yet :
"*It is achieved: the fight is won*—I die!"
But see, he moves, he lives, he opes his eyes.

[*Deaf Smith, kneeling down, bends over Bradburn.*]

BRADBURN.

[*With faint voice.*]

Where am I?

* The battle-cry of the Texans in the battle of San Jacinto.

DEAF SMITH.

In thy countryman's embrace,
Who fondly hopes thy life may yet be spared.

HOUSTON.

Quick, Surgeon, leave me and attend on him,
To save his life! his gallantry deserves it!

[*Under the Surgeon's hand, and with the assistance of Deaf Smith, Bradburn revives more and more, so that with mute delight he can manifest his interest in the incidents of*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Texan Volunteers, bearing Mexican battle-flags, which they present to General Houston.

A VOLUNTEER.

Hail, General Houston! at thy feet we lay
These flags, the trophies of this glorious day.

HOUSTON.

I thank you, friends, in our Republic's name;
Her power, her freedom be your prize and fame.

[*Other volunteers bring Santa Anna's sword, lost by him during his flight.*]

A VOLUNTEER.

Victorious Chief! we put into thine hand
This costly falchion, Santa Anna's brand.

HOUSTON.

I take it as a pledge, that nevermore
That foe of Texas will invade her shore.

[*Other volunteers bring in Col. Almonte as prisoner.*]

A VOLUNTEER.

To thee we bring, made captive on our raid,
Colonel Almonte, Santa Anna's aid.

HOUSTON.

He shall bear witness, that our arms' success
Is equaled only by our gentleness.

[*Cheers in the rear of the stage. Gen. Burleson comes in haste, followed by Texan volunteers.*]

BURLESON.

Hail, Chief! e'en now a gallant volunteer
Brings Santa Anna self as prisoner here.

HOUSTON.

[*Rising.*]

Has been to us *that* precious hostage given,
Then FREE is Texas! Thank the Lord in Heaven!

[*At the announcement of the last report Bradburn makes signs to the Surgeon and Deaf Smith to raise him up. This done, he speaks with ever-rising voice, while the volunteers form a semi-circle around him.*]

BRADBURN.

Yes, thank the Lord! whose mighty arm has wrought

This end sublime, too high for human thought.
Yes, thank the Lord! whose love has many more
And greater blessings still for you in store.
For mystery's veil now from my eye withdrawn,
I see this land emerge from Freedom's dawn,
To broader sway, to greater sphere of might,
Maintaining it in many a gallant fight.
With millions I behold her borders filled
Of freemen, brave, intelligent and skilled,
Whose industry lays ope her mountains' yields,
And turns her plains to fertile harvest-fields:
Whose energy, as by a magic wand,
Lets cities rise, where forest-groves now stand,
Whose handicraft makes ring her sea-girt shore
And enters far into her bosom's core.
So, so the youthful State shall grow in power,
Yet will she reach still higher glory's dower
When entering in the Union's radiant gates
She blends her future with her Sister-States.
All obstacles, all causes of delay,
That check their progress, moved from out the way,
Oh, joyous contest, that will then ensue,
Oh, glorious race before whole Mankind's view:
When for the highest prizes of humanity
They lay them out with zeal and energy,
When fall the richest blessings one by one
On each and yet on all in unison:
Strength, won in constant practice of their powers,

Then *Wealth*, acquired by search of Nature's dowers,
Then *Peace*, ensured by their imposing might,
Then *Happiness*, their efforts' well-earned right,
Then *Grace and Beauty*, as they stately-grand
Approach their goal, joy-flushed and hand in hand,—
United, yet distinct, none like the rest,
Yet each in standard equal to the best:
Oh, heavenly bliss! e'en with the spirit's eye
To have beheld this prospect and———to die.

[*He sinks lifeless to the ground. The soldiers holding the banners let them droop upon him. All stand profoundly moved. The curtain falls. When it rises once more in the*]

Scene VIII.

William Travis and Elsie, the latter attired as Goddess of Victory, are seen standing amid a transfiguring light at the head of Bradburn, upon which Elsie puts a laurel-wreath. The soldiers, all of whom have left the stage, are overheard singing the following

HYMN OF VICTORY.*

1.

Chorus.

It is achieved! the fight is won!
And what our doubting hearts begun

* For the tune of this Hymn see page 252.

Upon these fields in years gone by
Stands wrought before our wondering eye!

Solo Voice.

Such is not due to human hand,
'T is God, who thus has blest your land!
So, like the scent of sacrifice,
Let ye to Him your thanks arise.

*Other voices.**

Praise the Lord!

Chorus.

Praise Him, ye Earth and Sky,
Praise Him, oh Sea!
Glory to God on high:
TEXAS IS FREE.

2.

Chorus.

Your merry blasts ye trumpets send
Throughout the land, from end to end,
To gladden by your tidings' peal,
Where throbs a heart for Texas' weal.

Solo Voice.

So also let their joyous sound
Waft over every hero's mound,

* These voices should be represented as coming from the four different points of the compass.

To tell him how you dearly prize
His glorious deeds, his sacrifice.

Other Voices.

Praise the Lord!

Chorus.

Praise Him, ye Earth and Sky,
Praise Him, oh Sea!
Glory to God on High:
TEXAS IS FREE!

3.

Chorus.

Henceforth our Texan realm shall be
A sacred fane of Liberty;
No foreign Lord shall evermore
Wield here his sway, invade her shore.

Solo Voices.

So vow upon this holy ground
A proud, a valiant State to found,
Where culture dwells, where law is feared,
Where Truth is honored, God revered.

Other Voices.

Praise the Lord!

Chorus.

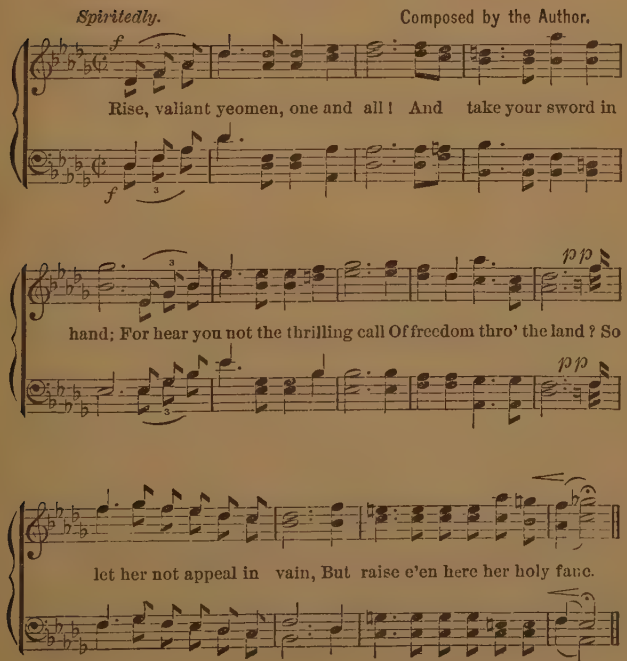
Praise Him, ye Earth and Sky,
Praise Him, oh Sea!
Glory to God on high:
TEXAS IS FREE!

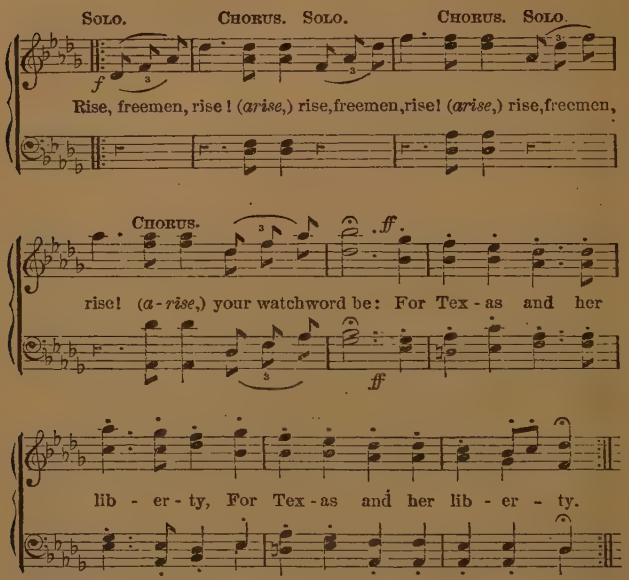
[CURTAIN.]

HYMNS.

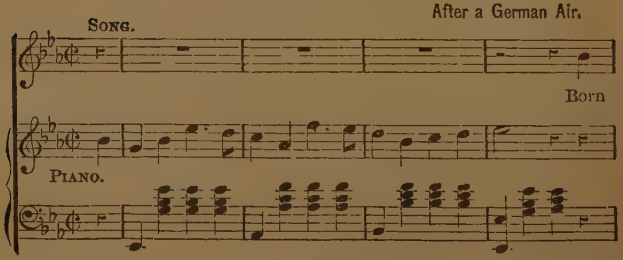
No. 1. HYMN OF TEXAN LIBERTY.

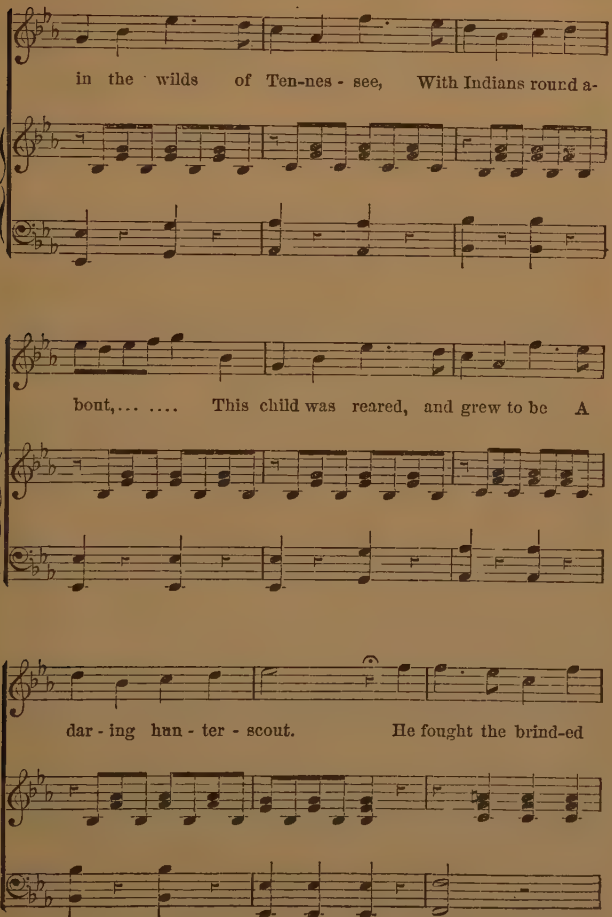
Finale of the First Act.

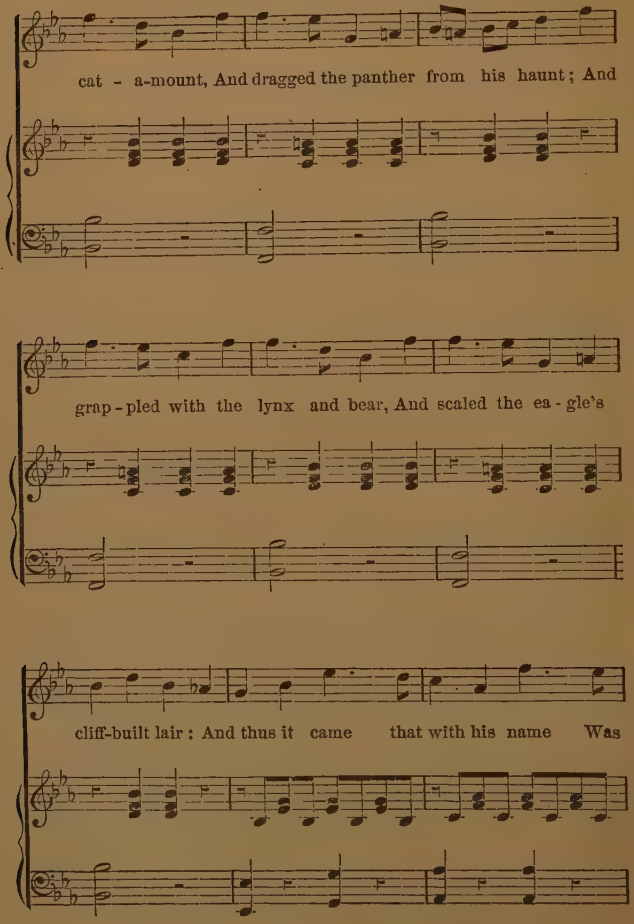

Spiritedly.
Composed by the Author.
Rise, valiant yeomen, one and all! And take your sword in
hand; For hear you not the thrilling call Of freedom thro' the land? So
let her not appeal in vain, But raise e'en here her holy fane.

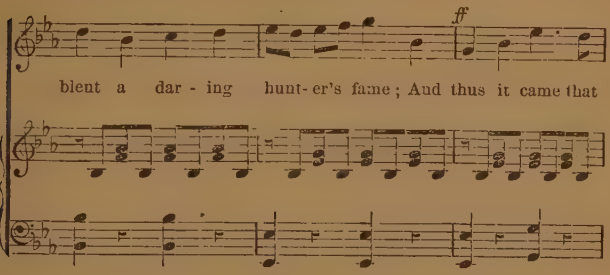

Solo.
Chorus. Solo.
Chorus. Solo.
f
Rise, freemen, rise! (arise,) rise, freemen, rise! (arise,) rise, freemen,
Chorus.
ff.
rise! (a-rise,) your watchword be: For Tex-as and her
ff
lib - er - ty, For Tex-as and her lib - er - ty.

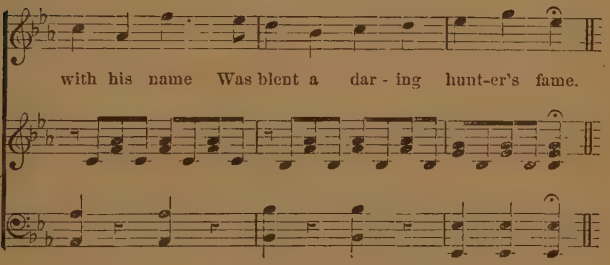
No. 2. COL. CROCKETT'S SONG.




in the wilds of Ten-nes - see, With Indians round a-
bout,... .... This child was reared, and grew to be A
dar - ing hun - ter - scout. He fought the brind-ed


cat - a-mount, And dragged the panther from his haunt; And
grap - pled with the lynx and bear, And scaled the ea - gle's
cliff-built lair: And thus it came that with his name Was

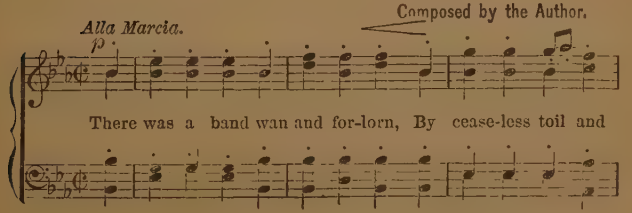


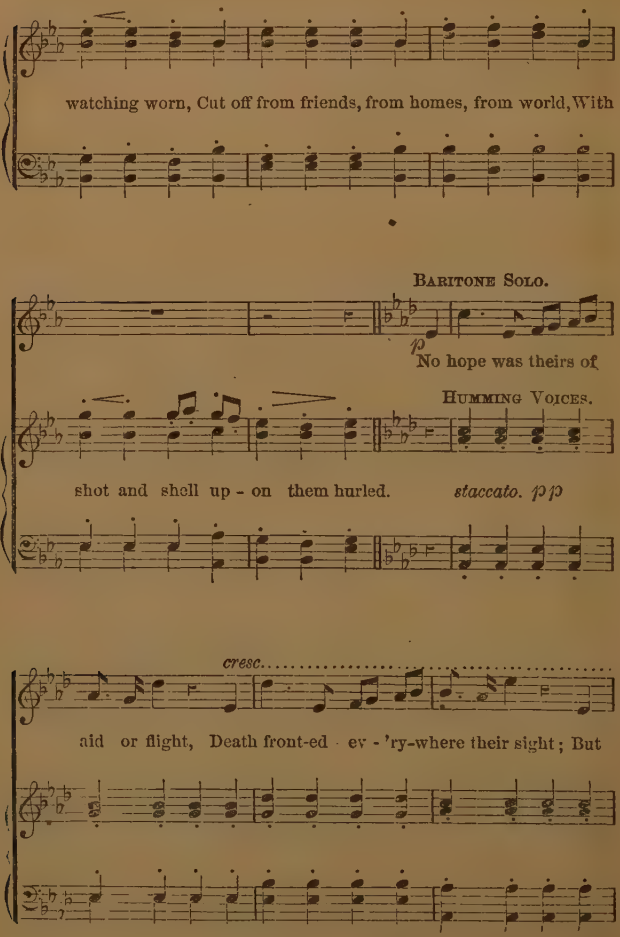


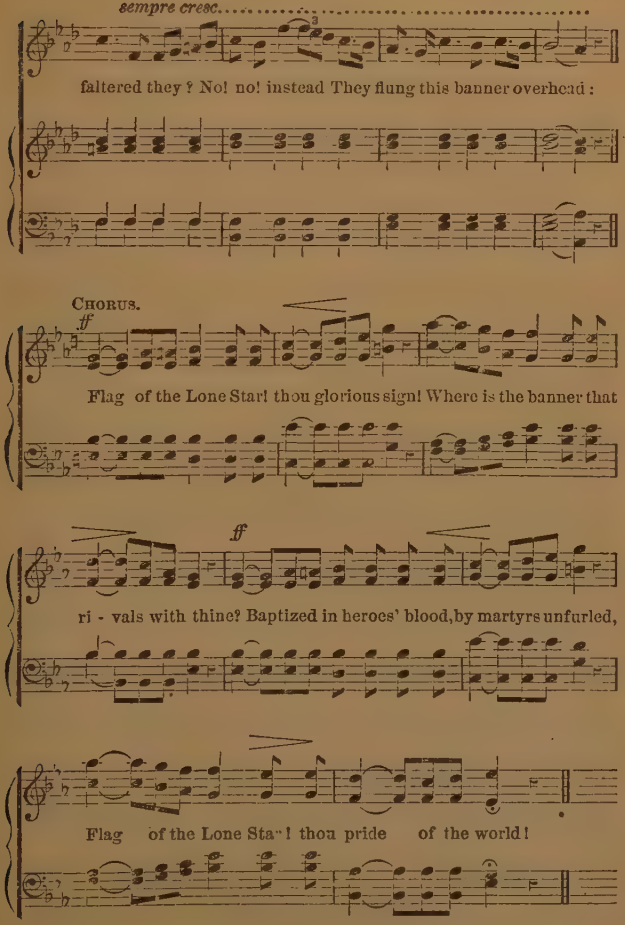
NO. 3. HYMN OF THE LONE STAR FLAG.

Finale of the Second Act.

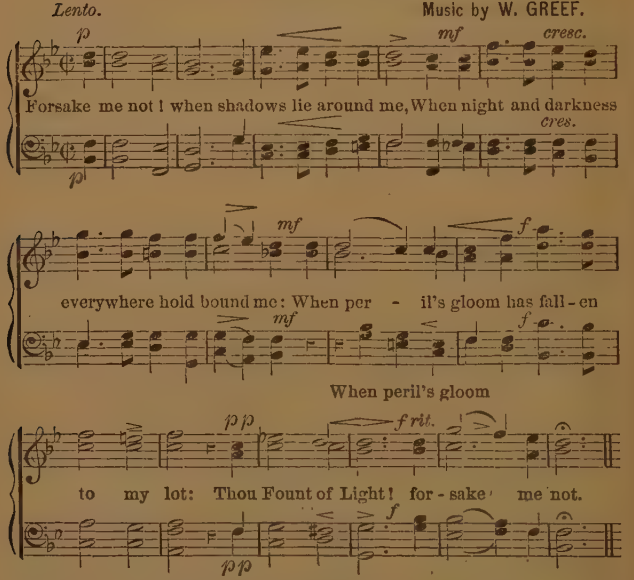
Composed by the Author.




watching worn, Cut off from friends, from homes, from world, With
Baritone Solo.
p
No hope was theirs of
Humming Voices.
shot and shell up - on them hurled.
staccato. p p
cresc.
aid or flight, Death front-ed ev - 'ry-where their sight; But

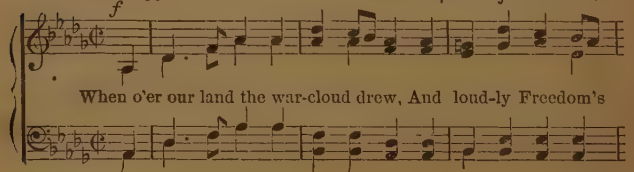

sempre cresc.
faltered they? No! no! instead They flung this banner overhead:
Chorus.
ff
Flag of the Lone Star! thou glorious sign! Where is the banner that
ff
ri - vals with thine? Baptized in heroes' blood, by martyrs unfurled,
Flag of the Lone Star! thou pride of the world!

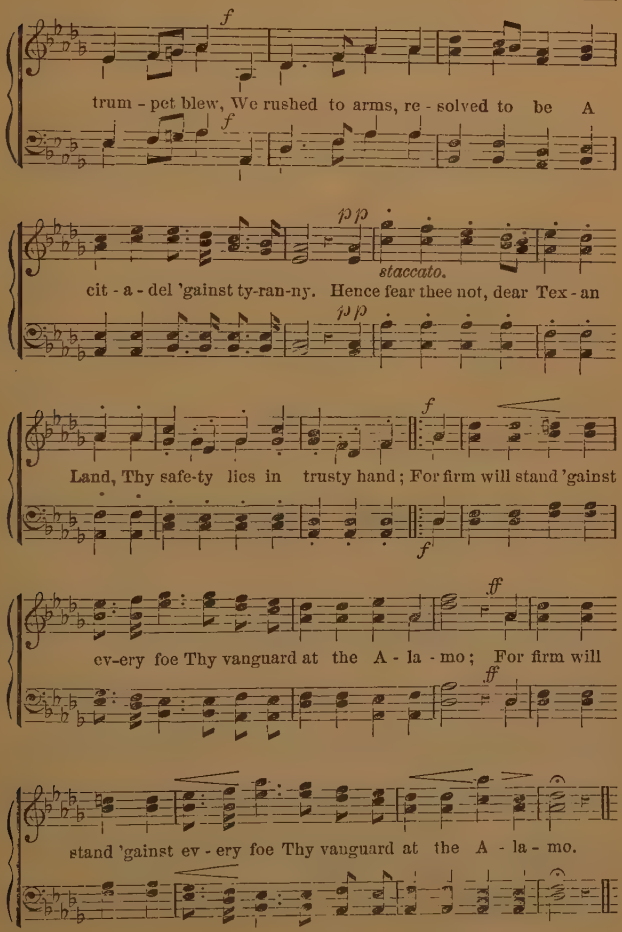
NO. 4. PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.



No. 5. THE ANTHEM OF THE ALAMO.

Finale of the Third Act.

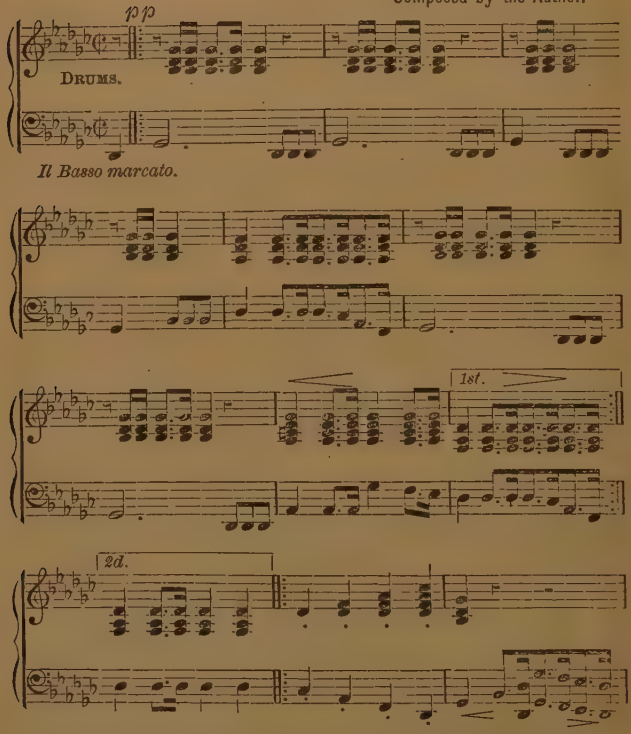


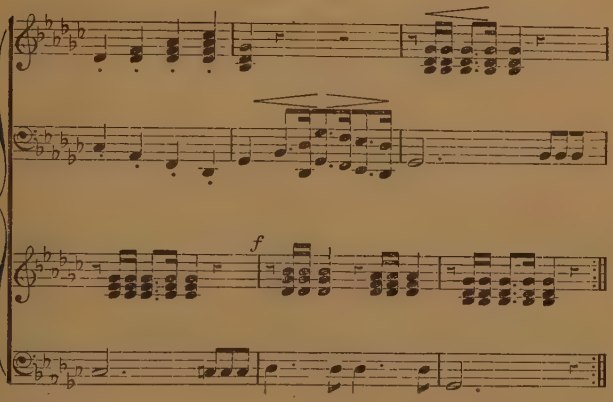

f
trum - pet blew, We rushed to arms, re - solved to be A
f
pp
staccato.
cit - a - del 'gainst ty-ran-ny. Hence fear thee not, dear Tex - an
pp
f
Land, Thy safe-ty lies in trusty hand; For firm will stand 'gainst
f
ff
ev-ery foe Thy vanguard at the A - la - mo; For firm will
ff
stand 'gainst ev - ery foe Thy vanguard at the A - la - mo.

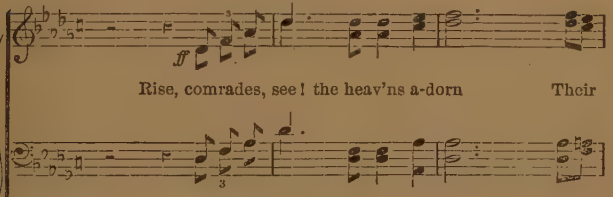
No. 6. MEXICAN BATTLE-MARCH.*

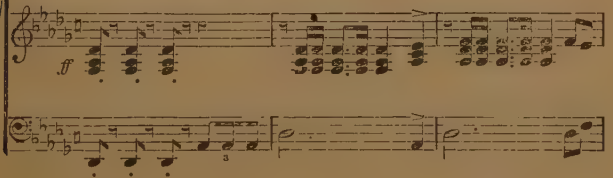
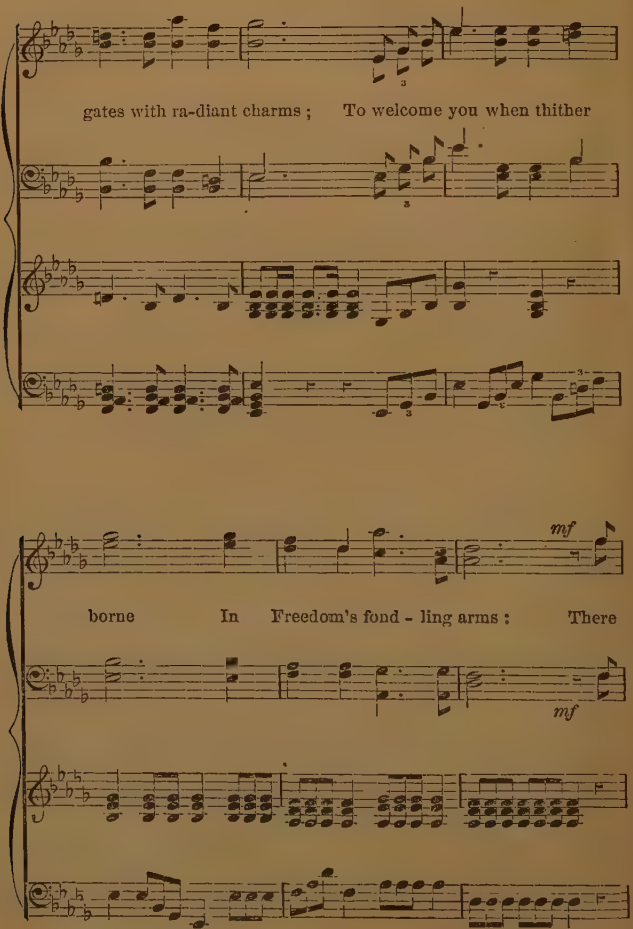
Finale of the Fourth Act.

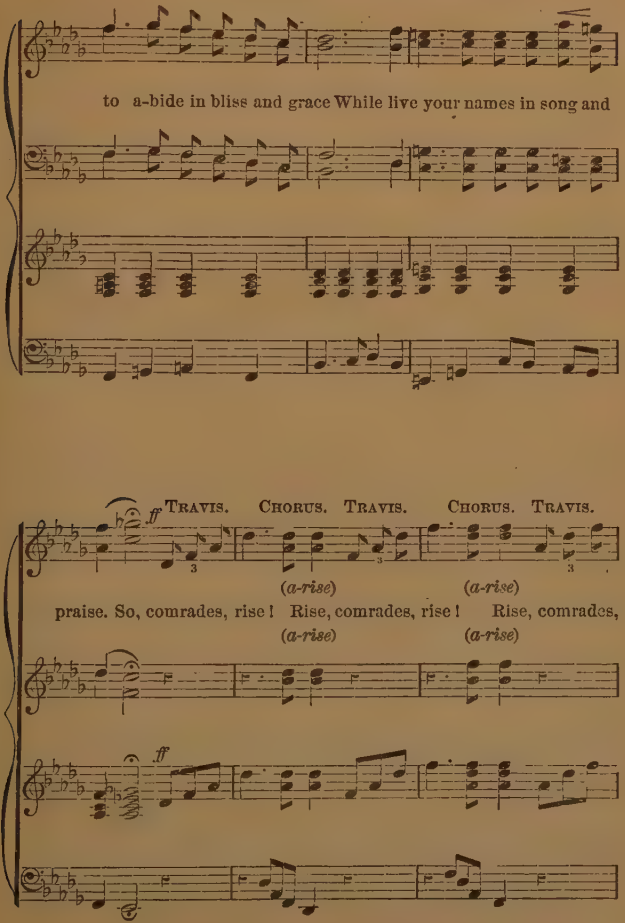
Composed by the Author.

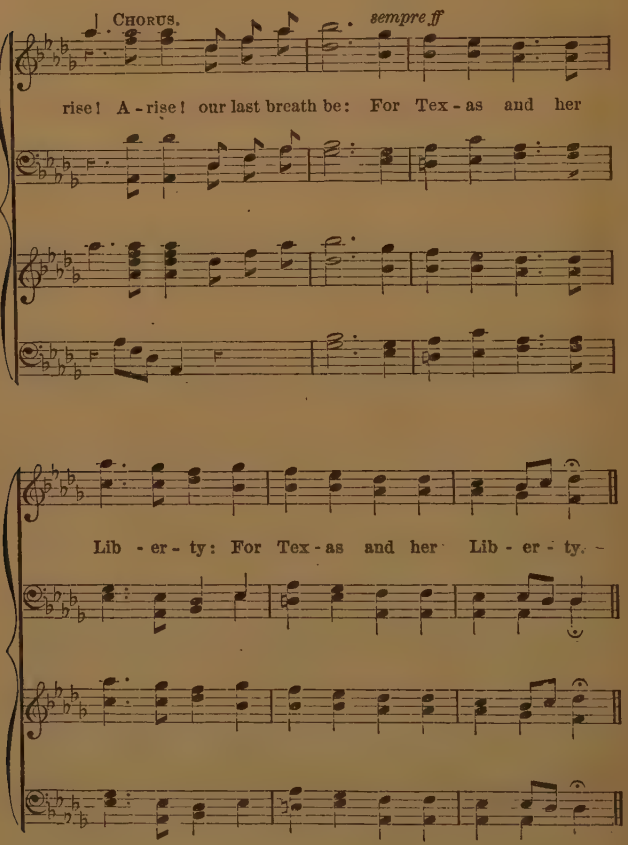


* The first two parts of this March, ending at the Trio, should be repeated over and over again, until the time when the Texan patriots are ready to join into the Trio by singing their Hymn.

TRIO.—*Song of the* TEXAN PATRIOTS.

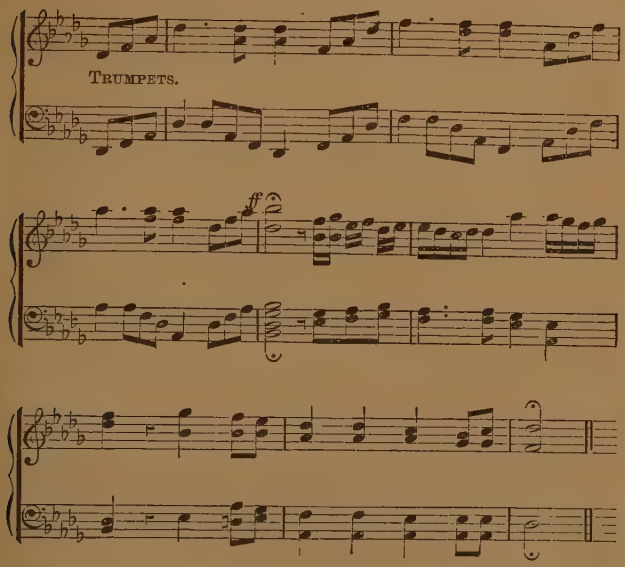


Continuation of the MEXICAN MARCH.


gates with ra-diant charms ; To welcome you when thither
borne In Freedom's fond - ling arms : There
mf
mf


to a-bide in bliss and grace While live your names in song and
ff
TRAVIS. CHORUS. TRAVIS. CHORUS. TRAVIS.
(*a-rise*) (*a-rise*)
praise. So, comrades, rise! Rise, comrades, rise! Rise, comrades,
(*a-rise*) (*a-rise*)
ff

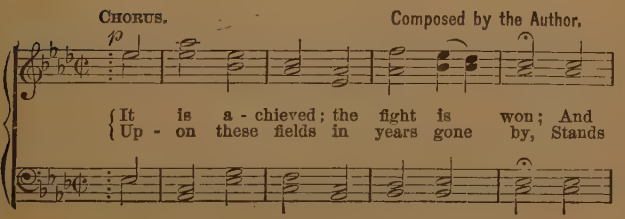


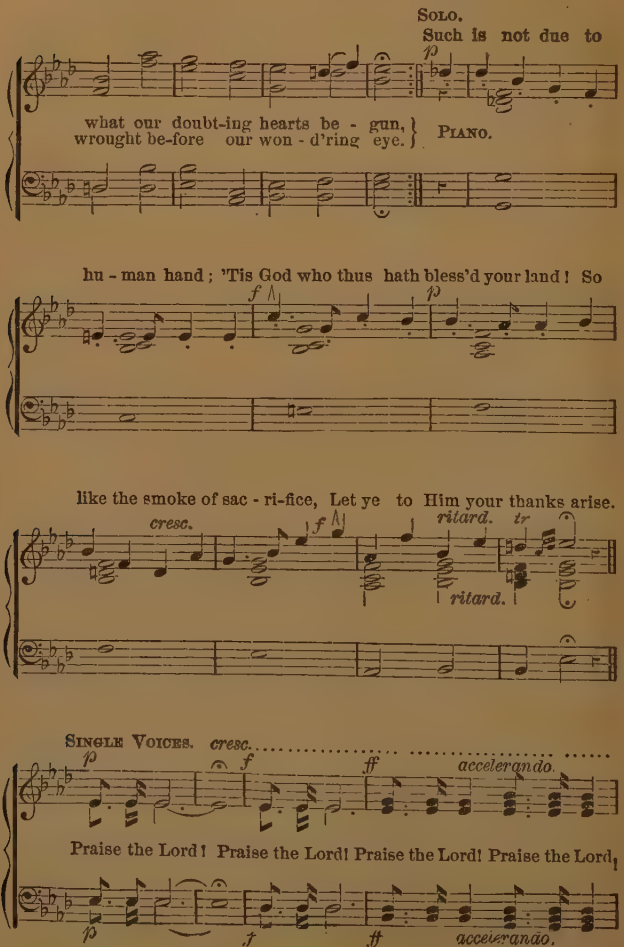
After a momentary lull, during which the destruction of the Alamo takes place, and while the curtain is falling, the last part of the March is played by the band alone.

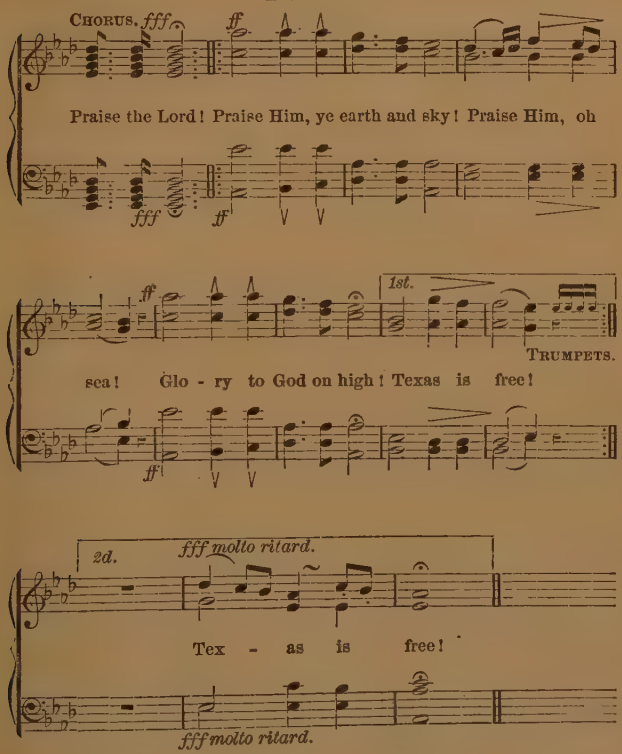


No. 7. HYMN OF VICTORY.

Finale of the Epilogue.




Solo.
Such is not due to
what our doubt-ing hearts be - gun,
wrought be-fore our won - d'ring eye.
Piano.
hu - man hand; 'Tis God who thus hath bless'd your land! So
like the smoke of sac - ri-fice, Let ye to Him your thanks arise.
cresc.
ritard.
ritard.
Single Voices.
cresc.
accelerando.
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord,
accelerando.


Chorus. fff
ff
Praise the Lord! Praise Him, ye earth and sky! Praise Him, oh
fff
ff
1st.
Trumpets.
sea! Glo - ry to God on high! Texas is free!
ff
2d.
fff molto ritard.
Tex - as is free!
fff molto ritard.

THE END.

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